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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

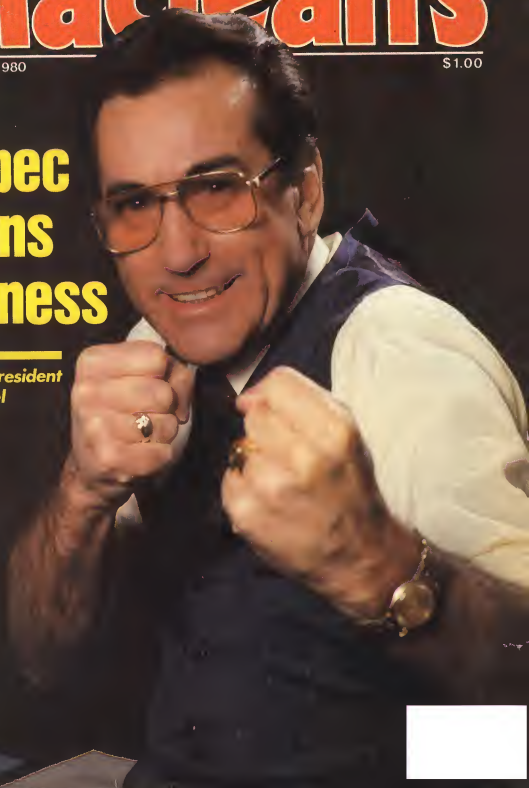
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Editorial

Opportunity knocks for Quebec's brave new breed

By Peter C. Newman

As Quebec approaches its moment of truth, René Lévesque and his supporters are sacrificing greatly exaggerated self-weaving influences to Confederation. They have been painting Quebec's two centuries within Canada as a form of indenture, a time when the province's best and brightest minds were forced to subjugate their ambitions and impulses to the auspices and prejudices of their English-speaking bosses.

Until recently, this still counted as a valid argument. It was the English (as often from Wall Street as Bay Street) who traditionally dominated most of Montreal's (and Quebec's) economic life, taking the risks, providing the money and the management that allowed enterprises to flourish. I remember a 1974 interview with Paul Desmarais, chairman of Power Corp., who was at that time (and remains) the greatest French-Canadian entrepreneur of them all. His complaint was that, financially, Quebec had remained a closed-in society. "What I want French-Canadian businessmen to do is get out there and participate," he told me. "Once they understand what the game's all about, they'll see there's nothing to it and feel right at home. It'll be great."

What, of course, is exactly what has happened. Following Desmarais, who was never cowed by any fear of

English superiority in the arts of monetary ledgerism or hardened by the dark conservatism of Quebec's internal bureaucracy, a swarm of free-wheeling entrepreneurs has taken over the most exciting and fastest-developing sectors of the Quebec economy. As David Thomas, Montreal's Montreal bureau chief, reports in this issue, "Almost unnoticed in the din of language arguments and power plays among the politicians, big business has become an object of infatuation among Quebecers. The energy and overconfidence that have for years inspired Quebec music, art and film have now been appropriated by a new set of idols—ascendant business leaders who are giving francophones their own formidable multinationals and, more importantly, are creating a strong new class of power-wielders."

Ironically, the only factor holding back these financial adventurers and economic shakers from stretching their influence is the possibility of Quebec secession. Any move to split the province away from access to a national market would severely limit their scope.

Being a businessman should not guarantee any measure of loyalty to Confederation. But why should the members of this brave new breed have to flex their fiscal muscles down in Trois Pistoles and Lac Beauport or Red Deer? Why should they narrow their horizons?



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Return to the holocaust

By David Allen

In a perfect world, the Thai government probably would transfer its soldiers to pick up their guns and force 146,000 Cambodian refugees back into their country. But we know what kind of a world this is. So, likely sooner than later, you will almost certainly see those pressure pictures once again of armed troops prodding weeping women, waiting children, fearful men and crippled old people back across the frontier into Cambodia. A first group, 1,000 refugees, returned late last month.

It is a devious political game that does not want to make, but it will be made. It will be made because there is only one alternative, and that is to allow the increasing number of Cambodian refugees to remain in Thailand indefinitely. And the makeshift camps, everyone here agrees, would become a "Palestine of the Orient," a festering political sore on Thailand's highly vulnerable borders. The sure, therefore, will be out before it festers.

No one is going to be very happy about the decision. The refugees, of course, will be the saddest of all. The tragedy is that no one wants them—certainly not Hanoi's closed government in Phnom Penh, even for all its later shortages. Resettlement is out of the question, either here or in Western countries. The rest of the problem, essentially, is a policy directive by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR). The Geneva-based group decreed last year that the "new" Cambodian refugees fleeing the Vietnamese invasion should not be eligible for resettlement abroad. This was over very well with Western nations, which still haven't been able to reduce the number of refugees from Vietnam and Laos below a quarter of a million, despite large resettlement programs. It seems, however, that the threat is unaware of political realities, for it also decreed that the Cambodians should go back home "when the situation returns to normal." However, most people who have spent more than a few days studying Southeast Asian politics realize that conditions don't "return" to anything. They either stagnate or they change at a rate that precludes the description of "normal." The UNHCR policy thus doomed at least 146,000 Cambodians to limbo if they are lucky—hardship or death if they are less fortunate.

In Thailand, the refugee problems are becoming acute as white foreign nations still foot the bill for food and shelter for the refugees, other costs to Thailand have been high. Hundreds of the nation's best minds have been pulled off

their normal jobs to monitor and run the refugee problem. Increasing numbers of soldiers and amounts of military equipment have had to be dedicated to protecting refugees, or protecting Thais in areas where the Sengulakha militia of Pol Pot's army still operate at the point of a gun.

So it was on March 30 that the Thai government, very quietly, closed the doors on the string of Cambodian refugee camps to newcomers. So it was that 1,000 "volunteers" left the camps and crossed back into Cambodia with their clothes and a two-day supply of rice. So it is that the other 146,000 will not be staying around much longer.

They must return to a starving, war-torn wreck of what was once the richest of countries. If the nation is not to be devastated by famine, the World Food Program claims, it needs 240,000 tons of rice supplied before December's harvest. But while the war continues, the country's roads and ports are largely given over to military vehicles, so that the world's charity gets distributed haphazardly.

The fighting has been brutal on both sides, but the particularly horrible practices of the Pol Pot regime have left a potential problem for the UNHCR. If the agency should ever allow these refugees to be resettled, the chances are that the adopting parents could wind up with a 16-year-old mass murderer as a houseguest. They're here in great numbers, interspersed with the real refugees. There are many of those young killers in "The Big Camp" at Khan I Dang, at "The Khmer Rouge Camp" at Su Kien, "The Little Camp" at Kamphut, and "The New Camp" at Mai Bat. And one needs to bother remembering those names—even the Cambodians will forget them among their other problems.

And everyone has their problems. Vietnam is still trying to win the Cambodian war. Thailand is trying to stay on the safe side of that war as possible, while working to solve the greatest domestic economic crisis in its history. Cambodia and the Cambodians are trying to survive. The aid agencies here have grown into corporations, with constantly growing, expensive plans to "help the refugees" and perpetuate their own existence. Their spending of money has become—in instances which are becoming less isolated—outrageous. (The latest example is a "survency" plan to provide rice seed to farmers at a cost of \$1,000 a tin, undelivered to Phnom Penh.) Elsewhere, when the ships are down, look after No. 1 Thailand and its leaders are no exception. So the Cambodians will be sure to go back to Cambodia. The perfect world is a long, long way off.

David Allen is Maclean's correspondent in Thailand.



Refugees' farewell at Thai camp, starting June

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CANADA 131

Mulling over multiculturalism

By Larry Zoff

An ethnic and a westerner. I've always had a lot in common with John George DeLoebler, also an ethnic and a westerner. Unlike Dief, I did not become Canada's first ethnic, Third Force, mosaic and multicultural prime minister. I wasn't even Canada's first ethnic, Third Force, mosaic and multicultural westerner-writer. But I was certainly the first Joseph of the Multiculturalist Coat to join DeLoebler in his One Canada crusade for unphethered, unphethered Canadianism. Dief and I both believed that multiculturalism for all means Canadian culture for none, to paraphrase Trudeau, we both believed the state had no place in the ballad of the nation, nor in its shallege, tor-tasse or shallege costs. An fellow ethnic, Dief and I know that multiculturalism made us both lesser Canadians, second-class citizens riding shallege in the Canadian ship of state.

Covering Parliament Hill is the only "in" for the CBC. I watched the unveiling of Trudeau's glossy new multiculturalism program, a program that completely scuttled not only DeLoebler's One Canada vision but the One Canada vision Trudeau had been elected on in the first place. From the very beginning Trudeau and his multiculturalism made life of ethnic groups stank to the heavens, it goofed at getting fish, salmonella, schizophrenia, and phosgene prisms.

Trudeau's multiculturalism program put a professional Polish politician, Senator Stanley Hadwin, in the Trudeau ministry, put millions of taxpayer dollars into government fraud, Liberal, Trudeau's advertisements in ethnic newspapers or into the silly subsidizing of Ukrainian choirs, Swedish musical movies and Lapland ski calls. Outraged by the purpose of multiculturalism was (through the spending of tax dollars) to save the ethnic and their culture from outgunning themselves in. God forbid, a future American-type melting pot.

In fact, multiculturalism was and is a Trudeau hoodleg to get the ethnic to stay grateful and vote Liberal. Multiculturalism, which was supposedly out to make DeLoebler and me the racial equals of Walter Gordon and Pierre Trudeau, was a bastard child of political patronage, born in the Newlander's coat and slave of education. Multiculturalism encourages double loyalty, ghetto political machines that would shame a Turnaway Hall and duty goes the hodgepodge Canadian identity, already frail and was, new fatal links in its most sensitive organs.

Multiculturalism encourages reverse of what it's supposed to do. Instead of making ethnic groups equal in the two founding peoples, it segregation ethnic peoples, centres

them out, ghettoizes them and then inevitably makes them feel inferior. If you're in third place officially, you're a third-class citizen in fact.

Multiculturalism does not preserve ethnic culture. Ethnic Canadians have been doing that for themselves, at no expense to the Canadian taxpayer, for years. Multiculturalism, if anything, encourages ethnic groups to stay by themselves, refusing to absorb and, yes, to assimilate to the rich English and French cultures that are and must remain the dominant cultures of this country. If Canadians and Quebecers are to jointly survive as a nation, if assimilation to the Canadian culture and way of life is not their destiny for Canada's Third Force, ethnic apartheid is fate for both Canadian ethnic and the country.

I have to say English culture is as important to me as my own ethnic culture. It is in the English-Canadian culture that I am flourishing, despite the third-class status given me by multiculturalism. If I was an ethnic living in Quebec, it would be French culture that would form my ethnic straitjacket.

I want to be Jewish on my own time and as my own money, but in Toronto or in Quebec City I don't need a multiculturalism grant to be Jewish either. All the taxpayers of Canada should not have to subsidize the cultural heritage of only one-third of the nation. An ethnic Canadian culture that cannot survive without taxpayer's subsidy (like mine must inevitably did) will more so God made little green ethnic not be around very long.

Multiculturalism is just plain wrong. It is terribly wrong to keep dividing Canadians along racial lines, to do so officially with taxpayer's money or unofficially with Multiculturalism's grants. Multiculturalism corrupts our ethnic groups and eventually changes the political course of the nation. If Trudeau started the game of multiculturalism, Clark looked for a while like he was trying to finish it. The disaster created by Trudeau and his liberalism is the ultimate that ends inevitably in Clark's Jerusalem. Bigger way, ethnic are treated as double-loyalty ethnic and not as Canadians.

I say let the Leaning Tower of Babel be that Canada today. Let Canadian ethnic preserve their heritage on their own, without tax dollars, and just watch their native cultures flourish in the pride of self-help and self-esteem. Finally, let's try being one people of equals with two co-existing cultures, rather than 400 cultures in search of a people. Let's bring to this country the one-ness that we have never yet tried—Canadianism, one and indivisible, from sea to richly sea.

Breakwater and political pundit Larry Zoff's last book was *Deuce of the Deceitful*.



'Let's topple the Leaning Tower of Babel that is Canada today'

Q&A: Pierre Vallières

A cooling firebrand sings the referendum

A year after the October Crisis of 1970, PQ theorist Pierre Vallières stressed back separatism and federalism in Quebec by rejecting terrorism and endorsing the *Soixante-Sept* Parti Québécois, and its parliamentary road to independence. Since then, he has withdrawn from active political life, emerging only to launch his books, which have progressively moved beyond Quebec's insular politics to theorizing a technocratic, supernational world movement. Despite his distance from Quebec politics, his opinions remain influential, and his last-known work, *White Niggers of America*, shocked The Precocious Autobiography of a Quebec Terrorist, his soul still in its language. Last month, Vallières brought 20 years of personal observations about Quebec to a public conclusion. He says ethnic still interested in "real independence" to avoid their referendum ballot. The English translation of his 1977 book, *The Impossible Quebec*, released this month, hopes to explain why Montreal writer Larry Zoff and David Rees interpreted Vallières for Montreal's.

Maclean's: A decade ago, you were saying the Parti Québécois was the legitimate heir to the Quebec independence movement of the 1960s, and today they're interested in "changing the world" (that was where they belonged). What has happened to the PQ—or to your concept of independence—since then to change your mind?

Vallières: I just can't accept a narrow conservative nationalism, a selfish one that doesn't recognize the changes pe-



Vallières at 1970 separatist rally. 'You agree or you're called communist'



'Lévesque has always had a contempt for Quebecers'

ing on elsewhere—in the Third World, in the fight for the equality of women, in the ecology movement. Independence has to be genuinely liberating, and when I decided to endorse the PQ back then, it was a young party, still in its formative stages. There was plenty of discussion and debate. Most of its members were noncommittal people who believed that if you voted for an independence party, it was because you wanted this sort of independence. The *associationnisme*, if you like, only came in 1974 or '75, reviving all these strange, contradictory and uniquely Québécois concepts like "civil revolution," "sovereignty-association," and a referendum as a mandate to begin negotiations for sovereignty-association. I still have to meet a designer who understands what the ball is going on here. When I joined the PQ some members freaked out—a couple of hundred resigned. But in those days, even Lévesque wasn't afraid to say one more progressive member was worth the loss of four old conservatives. But it wasn't long before he began changing. I remember in 1972 (when Québec voters went out on a general strike), Lévesque publicly condemned the walkout. The party executive over-

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turned his decision, but he went right over everyone's heads.

Maclean's: Has Lévesque been a big factor in your dissatisfaction with the PQ?

Valiunas: Lévesque has always had a certain contempt for Quebecers, and this contempt reflects that. Whenever he has an important announcement to make, he doesn't address them directly, he goes to Wall Street. He's scared of telling us like it is here. And since the election [in 1978], the PQ leadership has practically paraded its gross incompetence. Anyone who doesn't think like them, they call communist. I'd guess that three out of every four active members have left. Now the party's own internal polls show they're only going to keep two ridings in the next provincial election. But there is no prize, just an overwhelming defeatism among party members. The only thing they want to hear about these days is the referendum. I almost think they want to lose it.

Maclean's: But aren't you part of that defeatist mood, telling Quebecers to spoil their referendum ballots?

Valiunas: No, for one it's a matter of personal conscience. I can't voice a meaningless question I don't know if there will be a huge movement behind spoiling ballots—yes, how, it's not really in the tradition of Quebecers to abstain, let alone go all the way to the polling booth and then not choose one way or the other. The majority of independent voters have rallied to the "yes" camp by default. I simply can't do this, just because Ryan is on the other side. Ryan, like Trudeau, is an incredibly brutal man. Anything or anyone that gets in his way, he crushes.

Maclean's: Where does that leave Quebec the day after the referendum?

Valiunas: Well, I foresee the defeat of the PQ in the referendum, a complete sweep by Ryan's liberals in the election that follows, and then the total disintegration of the PQ.

Maclean's: In your books, you've often said Canadian politics have been strongly influenced by the Trilateral Commission, a shadow multinational grouping of world-elite businessmen and political figures. Since Claude Ryan was closely associated with the commission, do you think it had some secret hand in its entry into the political scene?



'I foresee the total disintegration of the PQ'

try doomed to annexation by the United States—in fact, you could say it has already happened! What more could they want?

Maclean's: Would an "independent" Quebec fare any better?

Valiunas: No, certainly not. In the Parti Québécois, a pro-US trend took over



Valiunas arrested in 1978, charged with counselling to kidnap and murder. It is clear that police informers used the FLQ.

after they got treasured in the 1973 election, and it was around then that the Haguette (strip-teasing) strategy toward the party's goals became popular. They dropped a pledge to withdraw Quebec from NATO and SEATO, a promise that used to make the hair of even the most sympathetic American journalists stand on end when I'd bring it up. Just what kind of independence do you think we'd get by simply transferring our allegiance from Toronto to New York? For one, independence should bring about a real change. Why bother with independence unless it alters the way we live, the way we relate to each other? An independent Quebec—if indeed that's still possible—should support real change in the redistribution of the world's resources, ecology and the rights of women. It should also move to abolish the state, the police and the army.

Maclean's: That last phrase sounds like the kind of thing the FLQ was preaching in the 1960s.

Valiunas: No, not really. Quebecers today turn to the state—the government and all its trappings—in much the same way they turned to the church 100 years ago. Just look at the figures. When more than 50 per cent of the provincial budget goes to the civil service, something is wrong. It's only in Africa that you find that sort of thing. And how can people put up with a police force that manipulated events in Quebec the way it did in 1970? You know, I never knew the Black brothers [Paul and Jacques, convicted in the 1979 kidnapping of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte] or anything about the kidnapping at the time, but it is clear now that police informers and agents provocateurs used the FLQ. It wasn't logical—everything the FLQ did played into the hands of the police.

Maclean's: Do you support the theory that says the kidnappings were engineered by Ottawa as an excuse to bring in the troops, and so to defuse and discredit the nationalist movement?

Valiunas: I don't doubt Ottawa masterminded the whole thing. All three people involved in producing one FLQ manifesto—the person providing the stationery, the person writing it and the person delivering it—all turned out to be police informers. *La Crosse d'or* broke took the wind out of any plans [then-premier Robert Bourassa might have had to return to] former Union Nationale premier Daniel Johnson's strategy of squeezing concessions from Ottawa by threatening independence. For six years after the events Quebec had no real government. There's nothing we could have done to stop this from happening, short of settling the FLQ and preventing anyone from using its symbol. ☐

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(Packler is also a photographer) for the past 20 years for the *National Film Board*, is that "we haven't got over that Victorian obsession, you've got to be Christa spilling blood before anybody wants to listen to you. Thank God nobody ever told da Vinci that he couldn't invent the submarine and paint the *Last Supper*. I've been around artists all of my life and I say Charlie's a genius. He's multi-talented with incredible energy. And most of all, he's energy."

There was some consultation for Packler in the fact that, at the exhibition on one review, buyers had paid the highest prices yet for his works. He ended up grossing \$25,000. (One of his paintings, called *Left Is Not a Frontier*, he says, "is one of the masterpieces of Canadian art in the past decade.") Although Packler tended the booth in confidence, it was not that he needed the money ("I'm almost a millionaire and I probably will be by the time this is written," he told Maclean's recently). For more than 10 years he's been doing what artists aren't supposed to do: buying real estate. Says Packler, who has never received a government grant, "It gives me the leverage to do the creative things."

In order to reach the creative people for his Montparnasse, Packler has been

illustrations for "Sweeney Todd" (left), Packler with Howard and Owen in Moore's (center), and a Renaissance man (right).

buying old offices, warehouses, stores and houses in the Queen Street West section of downtown Toronto. As part of what he calls his "transformative vision," he renovates or restores them and then rents for the most part to arts organizations, design and printing companies and artists. What was once a quietly dying neighborhood of low-income housing and second-hand furniture stores is now—with much credit due to Packler—dripping in bookstores and boutiques and restaurants.

The "matchmaking," he says, is part of his art. However, says James Purdie, art reviewer for *The Globe and Mail* at the time of Packler's October exhibition, "It is possible to do all these things—

he's a great guy himself—and be a great painter. But Charlie Packler is not one of these people. Most of the gifted painters in this country, or anywhere else that I've known, have worked considerably more than the four hours a day he does." The *Toronto Star's* reviewer, Sid Littman, says "I've told him he can't be a part-time painter, that he either has to really work at it full-time or remain basically an interesting personality and a reasonably good painter, not a great one." Packler, of course, doesn't buy the argument. "I can't paint any more than four hours. The eyes can only stand so much."

Much of Packler's energy at the moment is going almost directly across the street from the restaurant, into a five-



"Sweeney Todd" (left), Packler with Howard and Owen in Moore's (center), and a Renaissance man (right).

store, rotunda-style building that he is turning into a personal gallery for his own work, a concert hall and a theatre. "I want it to become a mini Museum of Modern Art. There's no high-profile place in Toronto for contemporary art," Packler has refused to deal with private galleries for years because of the 40- to 50-per-cent commissions they charge.

Packler's art extends beyond working with three-dimensional space-camera

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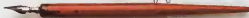
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and canvases. Last month he also started hand-printing what he says will be "a megamag opus, the most elaborate and expensive handmade book that's ever been done in this country." The book will be a deluxe limited edition of Margaret Atwood's *Journals of Susan Moodie*, with 30 illustrations by Pachter. He hopes to have the 100 copies published next October, priced between \$7,800 and \$16,800. Pachter began illustrating Atwood's poetry in the early '60s by mail while Atwood attended Harvard University and Pachter studied at Michigan's exclusive Cranbrook Academy of Art. He studied previously at the University of Toronto and the Barletta in Paris. One of the few he eventually printed in editions of 88, *Speeches for Doris Presbiterian*, was the only illustrated book by a Canadian offered at a Toronto exhibition in 1975 (that included books by Picasso, Chagall and Matisse). It sold for \$2,500.

Pachter says he's now painting more than he ever has. In the '60s, before he got involved in real estate and his Montparnasse vision, he spent most of his non-painting time "wallowing and being ecstatic." His painting at that time included many "battered self-portraits that looked very much like the German Expressionists, very European." His work has changed so much, he says, "these people would find it hard to be-



lieve it was the same artist." In 1980 he spent a year as a visiting professor of art at the University of Calgary where he discovered, in contrast to the "urban cowboy" he'd always known in his hometown, Toronto, "space, light and the significance of people." With the same boldness of form and color he had used in trying to unearth the essence of his own identity, and with the same openness to irony and deprecation, his Calgary lithographs sought to show a national identity shaped—more than we really wanted to know—by commercial American pop and pep. When he

returned to Toronto in 1979 his focus shifted again, this time to establishing a local subject: Toronto's structures. For two years his artist's eye saw little else.

Although his work is now preoccupied with the people and places physically closest to him, he took another substantial step at non-alienation in 1975. Although known for his structural graphics he wanted "to go national." He had already used the \$5,000 he made at his first exhibition as a down payment

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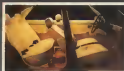
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on his first real estate investment, a house on a street called Shaw. One stop was the opening of the Shaw Festival at Niagara-on-the-Lake. On the day of the opening, Pechter got himself not only national but international media attention by opening what he called The Other Shaw Festival, at which he exhibited a series of works that have become known as the Queen on Moose paintings. As Pechter's life was to repeat later: "People were so scandalized that Charlie sold most of the paintings." The city's art reviewers found them technically crude and dismissed them as "loquish pencil" or, recalls Pechter, engaged in "scholarship sophistry, going on about the Queen being any mother and me meaning, 'Get off my back.' Aside from the simple beauty, they were about colonial mentality and borrowed images. The time was right."

Two years later Pechter added to his growing reputation as a person of merit by staging the first of two elaborate satires on the pretensions and insecurities he found in Toronto's art world for what he called The Ugly Show. Pechter asked the city's best-known artists to contribute their worst works. The next year—one in which he managed to finally get himself elected to two working committees of the Art Gallery of Ontario—Pechter presented The Rotating Show, where 1,000 members of the city's art community found themselves coaxed into parodying themselves at Pechter's invitation. Every painting was priced at more than \$100,000, the makeshift turtles were glued to the plates and, under the banner of Toronto's elite, Pechter sent himself a wreath full of congratulatory flowers.

When Pechter wasn't exercising his sense of mischief, he was buying, reselling, and restoring more buildings. By 1981, Pechter, head designer at the Art Gallery of Ontario, "I think if he ever wanted to, he could put down his brushes forever because he uses structural space like a palette. He wants to work with a 3-D space. He's working totally, consciously to what you'd expect. Anyone who thinks this side of Pechter is just a business side is thinking that way simply out of envy or spite."

While Pechter still finds himself being told by critics and artists that he can't have his mythical omnipotence and be a painter too, he says he's never been on better terms with his creative energies. He wants to try film-making and maybe later, theatre. Adds Thorley: "There are things he does graphically and in painting that I don't like but I would never, never think that it was an indication of narcissism. He's struggling to be a Renaissance man—and, you know, he's doing it!"

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Letters

Something of value

Since our institute has some claim to being a Canadian pioneer in the field of ethics studies (*Lyle and David, 50km, March 17*) and because our approach is somewhat innovative, your readers may be interested in learning about it. We see the current crisis as double-edged. Technology has indeed given rise to urgent ethical problems, but another and more ominous side of the equation is that the sources of human self-understanding, upon which effective judgments must be based, have almost completely dried up. If we are to trust human values as real, we must first believe that we are capable of being motivated by something more exalted than the carrot or the stick. Today, however, morality is widely regarded as a mere function of material neediness and, as such, to be explained (away) by methods more appropriate to the study of physics. Thinkers in both the East and the West have seen the loss of justice and truth as part of the human predicament and, indeed, as morality's withering. This is no longer taken seriously. The same nature itself has become a dirty phrase and the human personality reduced to what Sigmund Koch calls the hyphen between the stimulus and the response. The universal and peculiar value of the human can be proven neither by logic nor experiment. It can, however, become intelligible when viewed, biologically and comparatively, in dynamic interaction with two other values: truth and freedom. This triad provides a key for the understanding and criticism of both personal and cultural development. It is this, as Epictetus said, that enables a man to look a

tyrant in the face. Human nature transcends time and culture sufficiently to enable useful comparisons to be made. The human mind is also quite capable of synthesizing diverse experiences transmitted through varying disciplines and cultures. A new kind of systematic study of the human is thus possible. It involves an inclusive mode of knowing and, since the notorious "fact-value gap" was originally opened up by too narrow a definition of knowledge, it will help to close it. Three international conferences have been based on this approach and Saint Mary's will soon introduce courses for credit. We will continue to address urgent human problems in the total human context and in the light of the interdependence of truth, person-based and freedom.

PROF. JOHN R. MACCORMACK, DIRECTOR,
INSTITUTE OF HUMAN VALUES
SAINT MARY'S UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX

Squeeze plays

Spanning the Middle Class (March 10) by Val Ross was a very good description of our economic dilemma. It was very refreshing and encouraging to see an expression of hope at a time when everybody is busy pointing to the future with doom and gloom.

JAN FILLIMANN, WESTON, ONT.

The most intriguing notions in Val Ross's article on the embattled middle class come, in my opinion, in the first three paragraphs. They are that two people with a combined income of \$81,000 should rightfully be able to buy a house and that the middle class "could and should... buy a house, raise a family, improve their standard of living." This is an idea I had said, that the mere statistical inclusion of a couple in an



Freshly squeezed: a middle-class class

arbitrary income bracket creates for them the inherent right to something most of the world would consider a privilege. Do we really have the right to these things, or do we in fact have the opportunity and freedom to strive for them? It is the *middle class* belief that these things are a right that makes them so hard for people to accept the lack of them.

KELLY MCPARLAND, LONDON, ONT.

Your article on the middle class was obviously a response to what is a growing concern among our friends and associates. Living "beyond our means" is the way we do make us unhappy with the pattern of our lives, but change seems impossible. What we and the people of Canada need are some practical solutions or ways of getting ahead. It is not enough to shelve as to see our own clothes or our own foods. The middle class, by virtue of its unique position in society, deserves to be able to own a home, that is, to, in what the term middle class connotes. Our grandparents and parents left Europe to come to Canada to try to better their lives. Owning a plot of land should not be relegated to the dreams of oppressed peoples.

DEBBIE AND NORMAN MAYER, WINNIPEG

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COURVOISIER



Courvoisier The Brandy of Napoleon

I was moved by the myriad of truths in your article on the middle class. However, I feel that a missing feature of the piece should have been an interview with a Canadian couple, and I am sure there are many of them, who, having gone in over their heads due to credit cards and the great Canadian expectation syndrome, have finally had to face reality, reassess their debts and accept a reduced standard of living under the firm hand of a debt counsellor. Chances are they sleep much better at night.

A. WEBER, VICTORIA, B.C.

Casting stones

Why all the fuss? (Mother's Little Helper, March 18) If people object to surrogate motherhood on Judeo-Christian grounds, they do not make much sense. Did not Abraham, when faced with a similar problem, do what amounts to the same thing? Admittedly, because of the lack of technical know-how (a close days, he was forced to do it in a somewhat different manner, by spending a night in a tent with an Egyptian maid, whereas the Delaware father was only allowed to act out

his fantasies in a medical clinic. Did the Delaware father break any of the Ten Commandments? I think not.

G.H. BARBER, WESTLOCK, ALTA.

A fitting last hurrah

Thank you for your profile on that great Canadian lady, Judy LaMarsh (Working on the Square, March 2). With dignity and courage she is putting her house in order. It is a fitting last hurrah for a very classy lady.

SUZANNE PARKER, REGINA, SASK.

All of us will die, including the not-yet-born, a fact that we all seem to be positively squeamish about. The significant question is how many of us will achieve Judy LaMarsh's real beauty en route to death? Thank you for the tenderness of the verbal and visual portrait.

BATY FRENTER, BALCO, N.S.

Magnus Force

As an old philosophy student may I say with a senseless of authority that Barbara Ansel's article on Hans King (How to Be a Marxist and Still Live Comfortably, March 18) was bang on. I like her reasoning.

JOHN A. DENNIS, BISHOP, B.C.

Some are more equal

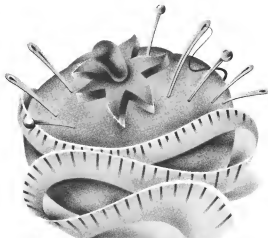
It is refreshing and unique to find a man of Mr. Fetheringham's background admitting that a stenographer is something we can be reduced to, but that the duties of her position would be the several responsibilities of "high-ground" colleagues. (The Distant Adventures of Allan in Wonderland, March 18) Although it probably wasn't what Mr. Fetheringham intended to convey, the message seems through loud and clear: stenographers and secretaries are undervalued and underpaid. But how about these high-ground colleagues?

MAT M. SINGH, VANCOUVER

Soul brother

I read Barbara Ansel's review of Ronald Segal's biography of Trotsky with admiration, especially as because of her reference to Tibor Szamuely, a friend of mine who died a few years ago in London. Ronald, of course (No White Glove in the Skirt of Democracy, March 30). I am a recent arrival in Canada—(and immigrant)—and it does my soul good to see such political sophistication and informedness in so outstanding a Canadian magazine as yours. Again, my congratulations on a fine review.

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young Mrs. Quebecers will only have true equality in Ottawa when they have influence in economic as well as legislative and cultural areas when they can comfortably disagree with their English-language colleagues rather than constantly flit around secret prejudices. It is partly this new self-confidence that has prompted the current battle over which fashion plane Canada should buy—the McDonnell Douglas P-18 favored by the military, or

Charles Gougeon and Lapierre (left), McEwen (below) onetime of importance



lawyers of the Andre Ouellet variety or reimagining panels "When I first came to Ottawa," recalls one cabinet member, "I remember asking the man next to me how he came to be a Liberal, and he said 'Why, I was Jean Lesage's chauffeur.'" By contrast, the new breed is well educated and often ambivalent, and after a few heady months in Opposition last year, when back-benchers were on an equal footing with cabinet ministers, they are reluctant to stick

back into oblivion. One of them is Denis Desnoes, bearded, blue-eyed and bilingual, a Quebec City MP first elected in 1977. After Trudeau resigned last fall, Desnoes and others created a disturbance of neutrality signed by 19 Quebec back-benchers who were tired of being treated in the media. "This memorandum is delivered to this candidate or that, by Marc Lalonde."

For Desnoes, Pierre Desjar, Lapierre and several other promising

the General Dynamics F-16, which promises greater industrial benefits to Quebec. But, ironically, national unity has become central to this allegedly economic debate: some Montreal-area MPs are claiming that if the federal cabinet doesn't choose the F-16, Ottawa will lose the referendum.

Apart from the F-16, the federal Liberals have one other piece of heavy artillery. Pierre Trudeau has been fired from his luncheon with Ryan on Good Friday in a combative mood, a green wool Napoleonic cloak draped over his shoulders. But there wasn't much substance beneath the bewilderment or the brotherhood. Trudeau said he will make a speech in the Commons on the referendum, and he will speak in Quebec if invited. The minority law profile could mean one of two things. Trudeau is fighting to young blood in Ottawa and Quebec City who are warning against a heavy federal hand in the referendum, or he doesn't want to risk his personal credibility in a losing cause.

In the end, it looks as if the federal battle will be fought, in effect, by the majority, people such as Jean-Claude Malgouy, a partly, unimpaired former Quebec salesman from working class Montreal who recently laid a meeting in his riding. "Why leave your

child one home when you can leave him 10?" But even someone motivated by his great optimism and anxiety faces an overwhelming challenge: how to convince people to say "no" to such an unusual question. ☐

Washing out the doomsday wave

A group of American congressmen at a panelled committee room would patrol all 48 times along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts and in the Great Lakes. It could mean harding, 300 feet high, off the Great Lakes and over Ontario. And it could mean, too, out of the Atlantic and over the Mountains and up from the Pacific and into British Columbia. It would indeed be the wildest day in Canadian history—a doomsday to match the sea Noah and his menagerie fled.

News of the Great Wave came from the front lines of the Cold War, the United States defense industry for research, and from Seymour S. Zeiberg, the deputy undersecretary for defense for strategic systems. The two scientists were going evidence before the House appropriations military com-

mission subcommittee, which is investigating possible alternatives to arming the U.S. with a new land-based intercontinental nuclear missile system. Such a system is planned for Nevada and Utah but local residents are against it—not only because it would make their state prime target areas in a nuclear war, but also because of the environmental ecological impact it would have on vast stretches of land.

The most popular alternative to the land-based system is to put the missiles aboard fleets of man-submersibles which would patrol all 48 times along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts and in the Great Lakes. Scientists argue that the submersibles would be so "hidden" in such huge stretches of water that it would be responsible for an enemy to know exactly where they were. That an enemy, presumed to be the Soviets, could never hope to knock them out in a surprise attack, and massive retaliation would be assured.

One of the plans most touted comes from William D. Perry, the defense minister at Stanford in California. His plan calls for about 100 small submersibles, each carrying two missiles. The great bulk of them would be put into the oceans off the East and West coasts, but 15 to 20 would go into the Great Lakes. Says Dr. Perry: "The Great Lakes would be a valuable and sizable deployment area for a portion of the force. The suitably deep waters that use U.S. territory cover some 28,000-square nautical miles and would require more than several hundred Soviet missiles to harpoon. Such a deployment would, however, require some negotiations with Canada."

Perry's and Zeiberg's testimony, however, put a distinct damper on the scheme. To construct the submersibles that it had to provide funds for a land-based system, they revealed part of a formerly secret study made by the defense department, and Perry explained that, if missiles were installed in submersibles along the coasts and in the lakes, the Soviets might generate a giant tidal wave by exploding a nuclear warhead in the water. The explosion would cause one massive wave to race across the top of the ocean and lakes while at the same time waves would grow and would travel under the surface, building tremendous destructive force. "It would simply turn our submersibles and destroy it," Perry said. Zeiberg said that, using the type of nuclear warheads the Soviets already have, they could produce a 300-foot tidal wave. It would be the same as the Chladia waves with the same ferocity as it would strike the Americans.

What could hardly be mistaken for anything but the last word came from subcommittee Chairman Gene McGuck. The subcommittee, he declared, "seems to be without."

William Lawther

There's 'no' business like 'yes' business



At the same time, federal and provincial Liberals were puffing their victory on display, across town under the dark silhouette of an old stone hollow. On Montreal Prime Minister Jean Lesage was glowing. The Ottawa Liberals had come to get Claude Ryan in taking provincial Liberals into "parliament." Based in the crowded old Westmount house, Lesage's own referendum coalition across all provinces. Quebecers the province would lead this year campaign leading up to the vote in 1984 will know. Quebecers were denied as several members of the Progressive Conservative party in the province that under Quebec referendum law replaces the Parti Quebecois as the official standard bearer of the "yes" option. Once the referendum issues are issued—which could be as soon as next week for a vote May 20 or

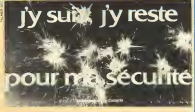


Deschamps and Vigorault, carefully competing the Quebec family portrait

26—only the official "yes" and "no" ballots, containing guaranteed but were not permitted to spend money on party advertising. Both are willing to stick off competing. Vigorault and Ryan will to announce this week his own set of new Liberal commitments to counter the "yes" campaign, who include, probably, colonized angers P&E



Lesage and Gilles Vigorault, comedian Yves Deschamps led the president at the Gens de l'air du Québec. Roger Desnoes, former 1975 battle for French in British Columbia, is credited with helping the Parti Quebecois to power. The next coup was the ending of old political parties which invited former provincial Liberal cabinet ministers Kevin Grandmont and Jean-Paul Laro. After the federal Conservatives, Quebecers will be left with a choice of two options: a referendum or a referendum.



Vigorault's billboards "not a society today" and seven former Liberal Social Crediters. The "yes" committee's motto looks like a carefully composed Quebec family portrait there is a clutch of elegances, a representation of ethnic group members are: anglophones, including United Auto Workers Quebec President Robert Goss and the female voice of St-Zacharie, Marthe Fecteau whose old socialist acceptance was nothing a referendum was likely of 11 children. Vigorault proudly characterized the "yes" committee as a "society."

proportion of the wave referendum on the scheme. But the premier has reason to be embarrassed last week by his own Cold-war elegance in late March. He strongly told a Parti Quebecois rally that federalist billboards set off the Pro Canada Committee "make me so proud I'm like getting a gun and blowing them. Last week I've of the blue billboards were in fact limited by an unknown border and a shrewd Vigorault had to let his words "I'm only say that it is not exactly kosher, in a referendum decision to start shooting things down or blowing them up."

David Thomas

British Columbia

A brain man's tunnel vision

In vast waiting areas last weekend, thousands of EC holiday motorists fumed. They sat with tail pipes reaching up to three hours waiting for EC's red-ink ferry boats to move them 20 miles across the Cospic Sea to Vancouver Island. Not coincidentally, last week was chosen by EC Universities, Science and Communications Minister Pat McGree to saddle an audience of



says. His scheme to build, variously, a futuristic bored tunnel, a arched archway, a bongrant tube or a floating bridge, to pass cars, trains and energy between the mainland and Vancouver Island.

The plan, says Moffitt, "would be acceptable at a cost of \$2 billion but less attractive at a projected \$3.5 billion. This week he will ask the BC council for permission to launch a \$500,000 feasibility study on the various techniques available to produce a safe, effective, and perhaps technologically game-changing, but not too expensive, brain metastasis treatment. BC's aging Moffitt probably flies best in floating in red ink. Last year it was propped up by \$11 million in provincial facilities, plus what came from the federal government's cancer research program, which allocated to Moffitt, with 1990 ridership estimates at \$5,000 a day, this, along with some lab costs and continuing life-supports will make for a bleak picture of longer Tinseltown and black fares.

In addition, a planned \$250-million

can pipeline and 800-watt-line electricity cables could be incorporated in the "T-3". Unlike 15 years ago, the technology for all the methods now exists, thanks to the availability of the 100-mile-long drilling platforms and a 32-mile deep-sea tunnel which is nearing completion between the islands of Hawaii and Hokkaido. McGee also hopes to cash in on federal money by arguing that the link would finally complete the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, a project that the Clinton administration has promised to complete the first to Victoria, B.C. would join Confederation. "We'd just be building in a 208-year-old 'old'," chuckles McGee. Perhaps most compelling is the fact that the pipeline would carry a "high-profile" feed, a high-profile politician, like bold and robust the son of successful holstein and dam-building soprano of W.A.C. Bennett. Even the \$100 appropriation is prepared to go along with the feasibility study, and late last year the province alarmed the support of the B.C. cabinet.

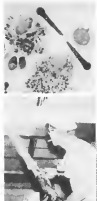
Cooler heads will acknowledge that the school's seniors, but call it an attention-getting job, more at home in the business world than in the classroom. "We think the students are doing a great job," says the school's principal. "We think the students are doing a great job." They point to the attention-grabbing job, more at home in the business world than in the classroom. "We think the students are doing a great job," says the school's principal. "We think the students are doing a great job."

Thomas Hopfl

Ontario

The asbestos hits the fan

Sleepy-eyed teachers at Toronto's Harbour Collegiate looked up from their mimeographed memos and morning cups of coffee to see a knot of men at the staff-room door. Ed Zimba, NOR MPP, and a few Toronto Board of



Spreading asbestos (fibrous), Ziemke of the MDP (right), deadly fibres on a lung smear (top). "We eat the body crust"

Education workers were distributing leaflets. The warning schedules listed in the mid-education college were for up to 26 hours above the acceptable environmental level, 45 fpm per cubic foot of air. The school principal, Mr. P. J. O'Connell, said that the school workers, teachers and students in general were not aware of the danger. He made for work at an "unsafe job area"—unsafe because rubbing asbestos is known to cause cancer. When the teachers asked principal Ralph Peterson for more information, he had shared Zastava's concerns. Peters telephoned the board. By 9:07, Monday, March 31, the principal was announcing a 24-hour closing of the school over the 1A. Twenty-three minutes later Health Department workers arrived. The school workers were subsequently closed for a week so that workmen could safely coat the school ventilation system's asbestos with latex, seal the gaps, the pipes, greyish-white fireproofing, and put out crumpled and preventing further asbestos from being the deadly asbestos into the classroom.

The Toronto press screamed shock awareness of asbestos' dangers has spread only slowly, like heavy dust in wind. Back in May, 1978, a federal-provincial report warned of 'definite

death hazards" for the more than 30,000 asbestos miners, manufacturers and shapers of Canada's \$750-million asbestos industry, and warned workers in the insulation, construction and automobile trades. The new legislation, irreversible hazards to which they could all be at risk include the breathlessness and debilitation of asbestosis, caused when inhaled fibers enter the lungs and impede transfer of oxygen to the bloodstream; mesothelioma, a rare, inoperable cancer of the lung lining linked only to asbestos; and lung cancer. 50 times more likely to strike asbestos workers who smoke than nonsmokers. Presumably, the score-judged general public appeared unconcerned.



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NATIONAL

died the previous year from asbestos-related lung disease. Three Johns-Manville Canada Inc. admitted 43 deaths since 1968 among workers who manufactured asbestos-fibre building materials in a Toronto plant. Since 1942 Ontario's Workmen's Compensation Board has processed 279 claims for asbestos-related deaths from asbestosis, mesothelioma, bowel, stomach and lung cancers.

Because asbestos is so deadly—for example, Ontario building standards require its use in air vents to retard fire—city librarians say it's running down everyone. It can be released from broken linings, crumbling acoustic tile, old-model hair blowers, and fire curtains that move themselves. Asbestos pipes below the ground shed offshoots of waste power buildings, and it's in the Toronto subway, it is everywhere. Says Gary Caplan, director of the City's Public Health Advisory Trust (an employer of the City of Toronto)—and facing a million-dollar-plus repair bill to control asbestos at a community centre and at city hall: "Either we'll spend millions on the cleanup or we'll wait for an unpredictable number of deaths. And we're going to have to wait 30 years to turn up an answer and 'We're sorry, we're sorry'."

According to the U.S.A.'s National Cancer Institute, 18 per cent of all future cancer deaths—the deaths of more than two million people in the next 30 years—will be attributable to the staff that who will take responsibility for the cleanup? The cost of coating exposed asbestos in Ontario's public schools and colleges alone could run to \$10 million, estimates a ministry of education official, and local boards aren't sure how much of that they'll have to raise themselves. As for separate (Roman Catholic) schools, "They're on their own,"

says a senior ministry official. So, it seems, are people who work and live in privately owned buildings with ventilation and fire problems, tests and inspection will undoubtedly be left up to them or their landlords. The problem may be too vast for the public to cure. Most of the concerned phone calls received by the Toronto Board of Education have come from the media. A media event? But like a tiny fibre in the lung, the question of asbestos' potential danger will not go away. **Val Rife**

Gnashing at 'The National'

Three years ago, when he was still a head of English language news and current affairs for CBC television, Norman Nash got a letter from the U.S. National Endowment for Democracy. The group's funding of ongoing sports programs were frequently pre-empting the news. He asked on a letter, now, an acknowledgment for Nash's nightly news coverage, Mr. Nash's coverage of the first free protest against CRTC policy last week Nash and 120 other members of The National signed put their signatures to a petition asking the government to end the program. The shortening of the news to 20 minutes 35 seconds per night. The signatories claim the cutback (part of a total restructuring for The National) would mean the loss of the most important news coverage, the longer, more thoughtful reports would be affected, and, perhaps most serious, news from Canada's smaller communities might be crowded out. Nash says he is not sure if the loss of some of our domestic bureaus, and

Keywords: *depression, anxiety, self-esteem, self-efficacy, coping, social support*



as St. John's, Halifax and Regina." Its critics appear to be correct in saying the scheme would also affect the amount of current affairs programming now being aired.

The rank and file did get restless March 27 when Mike Daiguault, present occupant of Naxos's old executive job, entered the newsmen in Toronto to make an announcement. To nobody's surprise he revealed that as of January, 1983, The National would be moved up an hour to 10 p.m. weeks later, a transition long in the works. Under close questioning it was no one's stellar rule "a heinous 70- or 80-minute session," Daiguault added that the new, improved National would become part of a tightly knit long-term, an unusual mix of news and current affairs. News would get the short end of the stick.

From long study, the CBC knew that taking an hour out of regular prime-time program might cost it as much as \$5 million of its 1983 annual sales revenue, since the CBC does not sell commercial time during its major news and current-affairs programs. What it wasn't prepared for was the sudden solidarity of the news-gathering clubs and their associate members in the rival department. However, one current-affairs producer insists "This isn't a conflict between the news department and the current affairs department—that's an old chestnut. At question, rather, are the pride and integrity of the guys who do *The National* and consider themselves the custodians of national TV journalism." But something else is worrying the people in current affairs.

Regardless of what the network does, the budget of *The National* is secure. But to finance the orderly new 40 minutes of other material necessary to fill the whole hour, the corporation will find it necessary to tell several existing current-affairs shows. In outlook it was unannounced that Daiguault was used by the network to tell the story for *Newsweek* and *The Watson Report*, all being sacrificed to feed the budget of the new hybrid. At week's end readers reported that the CBC cuts, the current-affairs flagships, and the award-winning *News After* would survive the slaughter.

All told, it's about the harshest intramural news story Naxos's decision to take the job of newsmen in 1978, though its resolution is endless. Daiguault, one of the people to whom the petition was addressed, says he is "terrible." The other recipient, network chief Peter Herrnsch, is on holidays. But the consensus would indicate that the petition, which runs to 2,000 words and has the backing of almost the entire network news staff, nationwide, is likely to result in some as-yet-unspecified compromise. **Doug Fetherling**

Montreal

A little Verdi but no diapers

They closed Auguste Dore's store last week, and that's a crying shame. For 110 years Dore's was a Montreal grocery store par excellence. The fifth window alone was one of the best sights in town: you don't improve on Grand salmon resting on a bed of crushed ice, and the folks at Dore's never tried, and the fruit window. St. Catherine and Dore's was a corner that seemed ready to eat.

For them and sold it to them illegally. Sure he paid fines, but his customers thought the service was splendid. When his sons Alexandre and Paul suggested he could open a second store, the founder blushed at the grounds that service would suffer.

Jean-Pierre Dore, 70, grandson of Auguste and son of Alexandre, was one of the store's directors when many costs forced its closing last week. "Once in 1955 we moved the fruit with a big order bought by a group headed for two weeks of store in the Laurentians. They thought their supplies were in the baggage car. But they were wrong. My

Grandson Dore's saying goodbye. No more maple syrup for Beckingham Palace



Dore's skipped maple syrup to Buckingham Palace and Oils cheese to the Dore's Windsor on the Bahamas. Once, the president of U.S. Steel called from New York City in search of two bottles of Johnny Walker Gold Label Scotch. "He, uh," he was told, "they aren't making Gold Label anymore." "Yes, I know," said the man in New York. "That's why I called Dore's." They called him back the next day: would Monsieur be picking up his Gold Label in Montreal?

Feld mushrooms from France, cabbages from Wales, snails in champagne, Dore's had it all. The store even made its own mayonnaise and filled silver platters with party food for mansion owners on Mount Royal. Thirty-seven home-grown wagons supplied the finest tables in the city.

When he opened his store in 1873 Auguste Dore's donated service was his trade mark. Beaconsfield Market was the only place besides to sit in most of those days but Auguste knew his customers were far too busy to make a special trip for their meats. So he brought

Uncle Paul solved the problem by having a ski plane and delivering the order himself. The customers' beliefs followed their eyes when he landed on the frozen lake, got out and unmoored, "Your order from Dore's, ladies and gentlemen."

Director's of the past, 37 hours ago



Another time, Jean-Pierre had to save the day himself when a customer bought supplies for a weekend party but forgot all of the meat on the counter. "We didn't even know his name," recalls Jean-Pierre Dore's today. "But we found out he worked for a paper company and had his office in the Sun Life building. When they found out the man's name was Ryan and that he had a place near St-Armand, Jean-Pierre loaded the meat and headed north. "They were all asleep when I got them but the back door hadn't been locked. I was very quiet. The meat was in his icebox when he got up the next morning."

That, says Jean-Pierre Dore's, is the kind of service Dore's was all about. But that, he will also say, is not the way it has been since 1980 when the main store and several branches were sold to Garfield Weston and the Loblaws chain. "Mr. Weston said 'Don't change a thing,'" says Dore's. "But it did change. It wasn't Dore's anymore. The manager was a Loblaws employee. I was just a decoration. The real boss was a sheet of paper—the list of products and prices—that arrived from head office. We have the same now: for 15 minutes every morning when the employees are on their break, we don't even answer the phones."

Oh, you could still buy snails in champagne and coddles from Wales, but it was not Jean-Pierre Dore's who ordered the disposable diapers at the local, no-stock pan factory. "We lost our personality," he says. "The times had changed—and Auguste had predicted it. He always said our kind of service would be too expensive someday. He'd prefer to see us close than to see those flags."

But grandson Jean-Pierre took it out in style. He taped some of his favorite music for his customers on the final day of a Dub of Handel, some Verdi and lots of Brahms. The customers weren't very surprised. From Dore's they weren't expecting Dorey and Marie.

James Quin



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The reputation as an over-achiever as High Modernism's most successful novelist in 1945 was a time when the country's psyche with its stereotypes of the southern anglophobic and the curiously, patronizing French Canadian with too much honor and not enough greed to succeed in business. So ingrained was that mythology that it became a truism of the Quebec nationalist movement that nationalization and state regulation were the only means at hand to wrest the provincial economy free of English-speaking domination. And, as if to prove the point, English-speaking firms blithely justified perpetuation of Montreal's anglophone elite network by citing the francophones' presumed aversion

Quebec means business

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Harold: "All that matters is our money and our competence."

of language arguments and power plays among the politicians, big business has become an object of infatuation among Quebecers. The energy and effervescence that have for years impelled Quebec music, art and film have now been turned to the study of the political and economic behaviour of business leaders who are giving fresh energy to their formidable constitutional and, more importantly, are creating a strong new class of power wielders. Until recently, famed financiers such as Jean-Louis Lescaze, Power Corporation's Paul Desmarais and National Bank of Canada President, Michel Bélanger were treated as celebrities, stars among the bourgeoisie, the new rich. The new rich now called in James Strain. Now that thoroughbreds of Montreal's financial district is known to all as rue St-Jas-

Jacques, and the dealings behind his old stone facades are increasingly within a French-speaking new-boy network of young entrepreneurs and executives, a network that is self-extending and ready to embrace succeeding generations of Quebecers, rid of their old anti-business bias.

Inside *Albion's* modern *Ense des* *Matras* *Etudes* *Commerciales*—with its voluminous management library second only to Harvard's—classrooms can't cope with the craving for commerce degrees. Classes overflow into corridors and stairwells and, even at that, the respected *Université de Montréal* still had to refuse three-quarters of the 1,000 applications it received last year from aspiring first-year students.

As well as the 1,700 day students, 6,000 part-time business students keep the classrooms full until midnight.

The lure of business for the young French-speaking Quebecer reflects not only profound changes within his nation, but also the emergence of a new class of middle and frontiersmen who are proving that entrepreneurs business leaders, take on, and often enough head, the old single establishment as their own, partly—probably more so—because they are not there when they are not in their places at the table—so to speak—when the dealer changes the rules. By looking in the investment in Quebec, English-speaking business has created a new class of entrepreneurs who are rapidly filling in the analysis of Prime Minister Jean Chretien's vision of a prosper France, the most prosperous of the Part Quebecois ministers. "In the wake of these changes, a new wave of business is being created," says one of three French-speaking, middle managers in the province, who say they must be in the nation, wanting to take over everything immediately, and who are largely responsible for the success of the province. One of the Quebecers coming over the past two years "I'm optimistic in his support for his party's desired economic action with English Canada, Fortissimo hopes much entrepreneurial development in the province, because they have been working to break in going it alone. And be-

ing a businessman is by no means a guarantee of fidelity to federalism: nearly a third of Quebec's small-business owners surveyed by the Canadian Federation of Independent Business say they intend to vote "yes" (i.e., with the

Parti Québécois) in the spring referendum. But occasional sentiment dissipates in the higher strata of businessmen who are unwilling to tie themselves to Quebec. Ultimately, their success could do more to tighten the sense of Canadian nationhood than any politician's tinkering with the constitution. Says Federal Transport Minister Jean-Luc Poirer, a longtime booster of Quebec business: "English-Canada thinks that if it can accommodate the French in terms of language and culture, the problem will fade away. But the real root of the issue is economic power."

Will this burgeoning class of Quebec business leaders achieve its fair share of Canadian economic clout? Alfred Harnel has reasons to wonder. Harnel



Dubreuil: now it's called rue St-Jacques

who quit school at 14 to drive a truck and then build a family fleet of 1,200 vehicles called Repsolitas, has spent months of frustration in his bid to create a new regional airline for Central Canada. Ontario's objective to a Quebec-controlled carrier becoming its principal air service after Air Canada is the crucial obstacle to Blaney's ambition.

Doorway to the outside world

Quebec's antiquated door and window industry was, just six years ago, ailing considerably of the traditional province's economy. There were no fewer than 275 small family-run factories dotted throughout the province, not a single one of them strong enough to resist a threatening invasion of free market by big U.S. and Ontario manufacturers. And now, collecting the vigor of Quebec's now-bustling timber sector, there has emerged one leader in the industry: a company in the vanguard of its sector, 30-year-old Guy Langelier.

In 1981, Langue was a white-collar in the provincial government. Then, just 31, he was named premier. Robert Bourassa, his chief executive assistant and the holder of the record for the longest tenure as a Quebec premier, deigned to inform him of a Code d'habitation that would force the sale of the HLMs. He visited Concessionaires and the HLMs' various business school, where he had been the first French-speaking president of the Caisse d'Épargne. Then, bowed by arthritis, Langue decided to spend his retirement in the south of France. He left his house in the north at Montreuil, where his father and grandfather had been door makers. Six years after the industry became his mission, I began visiting company owners and suggesting a regrouping. A lot of them were old and wanted to sell off. The sons patronized the

can glassmaker enterprise with a natural appeal for the 30-year-old transportation boss whose residential trucker's love of flash is betrayed in his oversized gold belt buckles, chain rings, diamond shoes and a new 30-foot-long trailer motor in Florida. His family is in business in Ontario, and the missing link is Qordair, a bigger Montreal-based carrier with 17 aircraft and routes extending between Ontario and into the Eastern Arctic. Norland belongs to Air Canada but the federal government is not prepared to sell it to private enterprise once a suitable buyer is found. The Miami consortium is clearly the most eligible of the six serious bidders, both because of its wealth and because it is the only proponent of a new generation of aircraft of regional air service, but federal governments—both Liberal and Conservative—have refused to authorize the deal. The reason is simple: allowing Hamlin's group to take control of Norland's parent, Norland, and extend its reach into the United States would mean the end of Ontario's provincial aerospace

and risk provoking a new language war in the skies. Federal government hesitancy in handing over Nardaro to Hamel's group tends to confirm Quebecers' worst suspicions that the rest of the country is determined to keep them confined and subversive. Warns Hamel, "I don't see how the government can possibly refuse to sell Nardaro to the group I represent. It makes sense in every way and it would be badly viewed, very badly, by all Quebecers if it doesn't happen."

That's of pressing importance just weeks before Quebec's referendum, and, finally, federal authorities are acting. Transport Minister Pepin, Mulcaugh has learned, is rushing to announce—before the vote—that Hain's consortium will be allowed to merge Nordair, Quebecair and Ontario's Great Lakes Airlines. The federal government realizes it is running the risk of antagonizing Ontario but, says Pepsin, "the whole of my life is dedicated to the proposition that what is good for Quebec is not necessarily bad for the rest of Canada." And so we should share the ambitions of



Language: rus srb, a squarell a sfârșită. O. a. l. a.

who ruled the high-wired industry had always kept their little companies under close and total control—from direct supervision of the shop floor to the chow-pot, kitchen-table keeping of the accounts—rather than spread by passing administrative power to a cadre of managers hired outside the family.

So, with just \$700 of his own money, Langston convinced his bankers to finance a real acquisition: Frontenac Plywood Door Co. in the Eastern Township town of Lac Milgrent. So effective was his application of modern management techniques to the industry that by 1977 he had amassed new tens and lived them under the name

Link Industries Ltd. sales exploded from \$600,000 in 1974 to \$38 million last year and the awards were pushed back to defend their own territory a quarter of Link's sales are in other Canadian provinces the U.S. and Europe. One company characteristic remains faithful to tradition though Langlois is its only shareholder.

Next Langlois wants to begin producing beyond Quebec and through his Quebec

palatinate more close to the surface. He is convinced such ingestion of transcriptions intrudes into English-speaking Canada's not a threat to cultural integrity. The best way to ensure our economic development is perhaps by not becoming independent," he says. French Canadians no longer need to limit their horizons to Quebec

Quebec businessmen is, according to the remainder, in the best interests of both. Haniel himself interprets little difficulty in integrating French-speaking Quebecers with Montreal, where English dominates, even the politicians let him get on with it. "I've never suffered any sort of couples or difficulty in my relations with English Canadians. They achieve our efforts and, with businessmen, the only things that matter are our money and our competence."

This absence of linguistic frustration is one of the distinguishing characteristics of young Quebec businessmen and the students who prove the *Klein* du *Havre* *Etudes* *Commerciales*. The

hostile toward the anglophones."

Laurin worries that, instead of welcoming them, too many firms long established in Montreal are moving their head office jobs in Toronto, out of Quebecers' reach. The social pattern of leaving behind a Quebec regional office visited by francophones is not good enough. "It's clear that, just when we are becoming competent in business that so many companies are cutting themselves off from us. If the anglophone business world perceives us as a threat and leaves us nothing but branch offices, we will have missed the chance to create a real country. Anglophones have as much interest as francophones in seeing that these newcomers succeed."

The rejection of French-speaking managers into a firm that has always functioned in English unwelcomingly causes unease among its legitimate employees. But the transition from the En-

Laurin (left) and Gauthier (right) discuss Quebec's role in the economy.



school's chairman is Pierre Laurin, 46, younger brother of Cultural Development Minister Charles Laumier, who gave Quebec the right language legislation that chased away thousands of anglophones and their money. Many French-speaking businessmen consider that the language law is behind the times, that it is a drastic remedy for an ailment that exists largely in the latter memories of sons of Premier René Lévesque's generation. Today's students, says Laurin, are emancipated from the "defiant nationalism" of Quebec's past. "Our young people are living in a global society, they are aware of themselves. The generation of 30-year-olds is the first without the slightest feeling of inferiority and as a consequence they are neither submissive nor

glibly-speaking to bilingual management is smothered by the understanding of francophone businessmen that English is an essential entry to world markets. When Desmarais' Power Corporation conglomerate soaked up Consolidated Paper Ltd. and Bathurst Paper Ltd. in 1967, English was the language of the two firms' offices and plants. It was then that a young, Montreal-based Guy Dufresne, with his fresh Harvard MBA, came to make a place for himself in the merged giant called Consolidated-Bathurst Ltd., where 30,000 employees are concentrated in Quebec. The company's only French-speaking senior executive in the 1960s was Maurice Bouché, the former minister of forestry. Now, at 38, Dufresne is a vice-president and, from his Dorchester

Street office, manages the company's worldwide marketing network. Though French has become the working language in most Consolidated-Bathurst units, English remains dominant in head office, even with Dufresne himself. Eighty per cent of Consolidated-Bathurst's customers are outside Quebec and Dufresne, like other francophone business leaders, has adapted what he calls "the European attitude to language." They are assets, not barriers.

Such attitudes, dictated by market reality, can cause serious reversals in the trend to increasing predominance of French in Montreal office. A century-old mortgage and trust company called Credit Foncier distinguished itself far generations as the only national firm of its kind to be managed primarily in French from Montreal. Now, as Credit Foncier expands its Canadian branch system—already 60 per cent of its business is outside Quebec and 12 new branches are planned for other provinces—it must make a bigger place for anglophones at head office. Explains Credit Foncier's 36-year-old President Robert Gauthier: "When you become bigger, you have to attract people from your branch system. And by having a French-only head office, we were cutting ourselves off from our major source of talent."

Gauthier is perhaps the archetype of his generation of business leaders: a graduate of the London School of Economics and the Harvard Business school's MBA program, he brings political sophistication to high finance. After establishing its active policy as an assistant to a provincial education minister, Paul Geste-Lapointe, in the 1960s, Gauthier completed his studies and joined Credit Foncier in 1971 as assistant to the general manager. "It's typical, Harvard Business School type of job," the rapid rise was less typical, culminating last December in appointment as president and chief executive officer of a firm with almost \$2 billion in assets. Part of the excitement is the growing awareness of such young managers in the intimacy of the vacuum at the top of Quebec business. "The company had been expanding so rapidly in the past six years that it had to go out and recruit. The net result is that the average age of the management group is quite low." Gauthier expects the prospects for French-speaking business graduates will remain abundant, less because of economic growth in Quebec than because of the need to replace retiring executives who are either leaving Montreal or refusing transfers to that city. Despite the increased opportunities that the so-called exodus of English-speaking manage-

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jeet assets for French-speaking Quebecers, Gratton worries that ultimately Montreal will become a hive of French plants, economically and culturally impotent. "I don't think many English-speaking firms are actually withdrawing from this market, but firms that used to have their head offices here have created Quebec divisions which are more divorced from head office. I hope that these Quebec divisions which operate in French don't create a sort of fantasy world in which poor Quebecers think they will never have to learn English. In recent years, people coming out of universities are less bilingual than 30 years ago. We have difficulty hiring young French-speaking Canadians who are really bilingual and lately we've found more English-speaking Montrealers who are truly able to work in both languages." Ironically, the increasing Frenchness of Montreal, while it expands job opportunities for francophones, makes it harder for them to acquire the language of North American business. "The city is so much more French that it's more and more difficult to become bilingual." But, with a full 60 per cent of its business done outside Quebec, Credit Fraternit must itself function bilingually. Remarkably, the firm's French name has not been a grave handicap to expansion in Rep-

lish-speaking Canada, though it is usually mangled in pronunciation outside Quebec.

Though Gratton refused to reveal how he will vote in this spring's referendum—"Not because I'm afraid of it, but I think when I do take a public position it should be in French, not in an English magazine published in Toronto"—his personal ambitions seem more in tune with an established Canadian market. "I would feel somewhat diminished if I had to work for a firm that operated only within Quebec," he admits.

Salesman in the English-Canadian market has become an coveted standard of achievement for Quebec businessmen, no longer content with the traditional national but objective of acquiring control of Quebec's provincial economy. The current darling of Quebec capitalism is Provigo Inc., a giant food chain which began as a small wholesale distributor in Sherbrooke and now spans the continent. Provigo's sales last year exceeded \$2 billion, not as much as George Weston Ltd. or Dominion Stores Ltd., but still a respectable third for a firm formed just 10 years ago. It began as a merger of three small wholesalers. Surprisingly, only one-sixth of Provigo's sales are in Montreal; independent organic grocers and Provigo's own chain of convenience stores outside the

city are its major market within Quebec, but 60 per cent of total sales are in Ontario, Alberta, Maryland and California. These markets were acquired in one chilling gulp three years ago when Provigo took over Ontario's top supplier M. Loeb Ltd. of Orillia, a competitor twice the Quebec firm's size. That transaction also gave Provigo ownership of Alberta's Home and Profit Food Ltd. and Market Wholesale Grocery Co. of California.

Patrimoine of the Provigo extended family is 60-year-old Antoine Turrel, a Quebecois Harvart Alger who got school at 36 to work in a grocery warehouse, went bankrupt with his first attempt at free enterprise, a toy factory, and then went back to the food business, managing and buying his way to capitalist heroism. But Turrel, chairman of Provigo's board of directors, credits his young management group with the company's surge in less than a decade from a tiny village grocery store to multinational giant. There from the beginning was Provigo's 30-year-old president, Pierre Lessard, who joined Turrel after receiving his Harvard MBA, class of '62. Like all of his contemporaries, Lessard grew up in a Quebec still alienated from private enterprise. "Business was reserved for English Canadians. And on our side there was a



MICHAEL O'NEILL

Lessard: "Language didn't seem to matter

as possible for francophones," partly because Quebec language legislation has legitimized the use of French in business and encouraged the creation of management jobs for Quebecers. And, though the acquisitions were made with trepidation, Lessard says Provigo's take-over of M. Loeb proved that English Canadians will accept French-

speaking management. "It wasn't a friendly take-over. There was a lot of serenity in the companies we acquired and so were very apprehensive about how their managements would receive this move by a French-Canadian company. But, in the end, language didn't seem to matter. They judged us on our competence."

Both attitudes have been reversed, Lessard says. "Success has never been

an important influence on the constitutional referendum, inevitably the old nationalist anything will appear increasingly outmoded. Lessard's assessment, "One of the cornerstones of the current malaise is the feeling that French-Canadian opportunities are limited to Quebec. Success by French-speaking businessmen in the big Canadian market will upset that old perception."

There's more, too, in the fact that it's not the politicians or the bleeding hearts of national unity who are finally attacking the myth and the reality of the two solitudes. It is profit-driven businessmen who are doing the most to foster new links between English and French Canada and who are giving new generations of French-speaking Quebecers a personal stake in the country's cohesion. ♦

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A prayer from Allah's army

While the world argues about Olympic boycotts, the plight of Afghanistan's Muslim guerrillas in progress seems. In sharp contrast to Soviet allegations, it seems that little and of any kind, certainly not enough to make them anything like a match for Soviet helicopter gun ships, tanks and artillery in Amoy. It is evident the guerrillas. That response, as confirmed in this exclusive interview by Moscow's top correspondent David Khan, is peculiar not with the man, identified as Prof. Sayaf, who now presides over most of the Muslim organizations operating in Afghanistan.



prison officials to have been executed with the others. His name was even published by Tarek's successor, Abdul-Karim Amis, as one of those wrongly killed by Tarek. Meanwhile other prisoners guarded Sayaf's true identity.

They, in a general, amnesty given to exiled prisoners by the country's current president, Babrak Karmal, after the Soviet invasion, Sayaf was released. The authorities subsequently realized their mistake, and Sayaf, but he managed to get clear by posing as a truck driver on the way to Pakistan.

When he speaks of possible foreign



Afghan rebels gather around a dead Soviet soldier and his weapons, seized from a Soviet tank, captured by guerrillas.

assistance, Sayaf is insistent that none—economic or military—has been given so far. But he has his people "agitated" to do it. "We are living with our bare feet, with empty stomachs," says Sayaf. "I tell you, thousands of our people would not have sacrificed themselves if it were for the benefit of foreigners."

Thus in contrast to some reports in the Western press as well as the official Soviet line, but the resistance leader's denials are echoed by the heads of all the individual guerrilla organizations. And foreign journalists traveling to the guerrilla lines have failed to find significant evidence of armed support. In fact, the only sign of assistance seen by this reporter was when a Pakistani military patrol along the border allowed some Mujahideen (Islamic guerrillas) to pass through their checkpoint carrying a small quantity of hand-made arms purchased in the bazaar in the town of Dura.

Meanwhile the one-month-old Soviet offensive has steamrolled up to the

banks of the Kanat River in an all-out drive to wipe out beleaguered Afghan resistance forces. In Nangarhar province—where this reporter travelled with the forces of Young Khalid "wing" of the Islamic army—Soviet helicopter gunships and MiG aircraft pound rebel and civilian targets daily. By night, Kabul's hard-core bands of Mujahideen control much of the province, launching attacks on Soviet positions even up to the outskirts of Jalalabad.

But further to the north in Konarha province, Moscow's ground forces have made steady advances, capturing the town of Asmar. And around Kabul in Nangarhar, where Soviet troops have suffered heavy casualties in two unsuccessful attempts to capture the city, the roar of artillery and air attacks is con-

stant. In fact, the guerrillas are far all intents and purposes defenseless against Moscow's "flying tanks"—the awesome, armor-plated Mi-24 helicopters.

"If the helicopters are against us on the ground, man or woman, they come," said one guerrilla. "Then fly over us—we can see the Russians laughing, they are so close—and kill many people. Our guns cannot bring the helicopters down. But if we had missiles, we could beat them."

There is no doubt that the Afghan people are facing their gravest crisis since the arrival of Genghis Khan swept through the country nearly 700 years ago. But in the midst of the carnage, Afghans are searching deep into their national soul in an effort to keep up with the means to turn the tide in their

favor. What if the U.S. or another Western power should offer to send the sophisticated arms so badly needed by the Afghan "freedom fighters," as they call themselves? "The alliance has not taken a position officially yet," says Sayaf, back in Peshawar. "But I think we should consider such aid only if there are no strings attached."

Sayaf insists that he is not a government in exile. But he urges the world to recognize his organization as the legitimate representative of the Afghan people—a logical step, he asserts, after the refusal of nearly all nations to establish relations with the Kabul regime of Babrak Karmal. "We want to go to the UN soon," Sayaf concluded. "To give our voice to the people of the world and to urge united action by all countries against aggression." □

Iran

Signals that went up in smoke

The issue remained simple. 53 Americans held hostage in Iran for more than five months. But after a week of conflicting reports and verbal bickering in Tehran and Washington, the U.S. was so close to coming home for Easter that they were for Christmas.

The latest chapter in the crisis centered somewhat less drama than earlier "negotiated" periods. That was due partly to the fear of another showdown, back in the government and the public. But it was also part of the Iranian demand that the United States refrain from threats or criticism if progress were to be made.

The work began, however, with dramatically advanced details from Washington that President Jimmy Carter had written a conciliatory message to Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini admitting U.S. mistakes. It turned out the letter was probably written by an American lawyer who has acted as an intermediary for the U.S. government in the past and who acted on his own, officials said, trying to come up with a solution.

Despite the false start, the letter got the ball rolling. The Swiss embassy in Tehran confirmed that it had transmitted messages to Iranian President Abolmohsen Bani-Sadr. And though the White House emphasized those had set a deadline for new negotiations unless the Iranians took control of the hostages out of the hands of their present captors, on Monday the U.S. backed down because of the hapless response. The Revolutionary Council was meeting for



Hostages being introduced (top) with Sayaf in Egypt (above) and (right) Ben-Sadr confers with Ayatollah Khomeini. Hostages were taken to the White House from Iran.

long hours and Bani-Sadr promised to state conditions for the transfer. These came very early Tuesday if America refrained from any propaganda or provocations, the council would take the hostages under its care until the Muslim government could decide their fate. No one missed the coincidence of that progress and the Washington presidential primary, which Car-

ter needed to win after Senator Edward Kennedy's victory in New York. By mid-week, with Wisconsin in the lead, the executive joke in the White House press room became "Relax, nothing will happen until April 31" (the day before the Pennsylvania primary).

This joke proved all too true. By week's end, with an angry Khomeini denouncing the presence of the deposed shah in Egypt, recovering from his earlier operation, the Revolutionary Council still wanted a public statement from Carter agreeing to Bani-Sadr's demands while the White House said its position had been "clearly stated."

Khalid Carter told an AP-U.S. builders' convention "No one in the



Believable Afghan resistance forces will not go begging for aid from the West. Instead, said Sayaf, president of the Islamic Alliance for the Liberation of Afghanistan, the world should voluntarily assume its responsibility to help Afghanistan resist the Soviet invasion. "We shouldn't have to go to each country and plead for help," said Sayaf. "All countries know our predicament and our suffering, and they should know their responsibility."

Sayaf, a graduate of Kabul University with a master's degree in Islamic law from Cairo's Al-Azhar University, one of Islam's most ancient, prestigious

government) has apologized to anyone in the government of Iran." That brought a standing ovation and cheers of "Ato boy, Jimmy!" But outside Washington, some analysts maintained that an apology was exactly what the president should do. Professor Roger Fisher, an international law specialist at Harvard University, said an apology was legally required for U.S. intervention in the overthrow of Mohammad Mossadegh (the Iranian leader toppled with the help of the CIA in 1953). "It is not humiliating to say you're sorry," announced Fisher. "The U.S. has frequently apologized. If we apologize to Israel for our role in the 1978, why not Iran?"

But not everyone was so forgiving. The next view, shared by many of the 300 or so Iranian specialists in the U.S. is that the scene of agency and power exerted by the administration into the situation only works against progress. "Things just don't work that quickly there," he said. The prediction was that, however, in that presidential election year is a high-point of controversy, particularly where the families of the hostages are feeling the strain of five months of waiting. Said the wife of one, "I'm sure we have had the president show it would go on this long, it would have been too much to handle."

Clatterbox

The unhappy hookers

Most places good intentions pave the road to hell, said the tongue-tongued Rotterdamers. Here they leather a whole town. The comment was an act of reflection of the mayor in the world's largest port following the municipal council's decision to give prostitutes to play their trade from houseboats there so that it could render the traditional red-light district of Rotterdam as pure as the city it was built.

In recent weeks the decision has landed the city fathers in a cross fire from conservative who claimed city hall was prying from liberals who said the decision was a spurious attempt to control sex for the sake of the city and the residents near the docks where the sex boats are to be moored. And last week the hookers themselves, whom the city somehow failed to consult, indicated in a local version of *Nerve on Sunday* that the boats were not really all "imagine the waves and the song, not to mention the taxes," said one.

However, the public outcry did not deter Rotterdam from wanting to become the first city in the Netherlands to attempt to control prostitution, though a city spokesman says. "From day one, did we think that we had not bargained for such a strong reaction." The boat dock, she said, had come up when an earlier move to relocate Rotterdam's red-light district was rejected.

MOSCOW

The unsung heroes of human rights

A gray-haired retired geologist with a grown son a kindergarten teacher in her 50s, a quiet Russian Orthodox priest, a shy, doped electrician from Krasnodar—their names are relatively unknown. They have won no Nobel Prizes, received no letters of support from presidents or prime ministers, generated no storm of Western headlines. But one by one in recent weeks they have disappeared from the streets of Soviet cities, arrested by police in the second major crackdown against dissidents in the past four years. By last week it had topped 14 activist organizations since November. That brought the total number arrested, tried, internally dissident leaders, exiled or forced to emigrate since 1976 to almost 40.

None does anything, the latest record of arrests spells out the continued inability of the West to influence the way the Kremlin treats its opponents. That point first became obvious in late 1976



Leningrader dissident to five years in exile

when candidate and later President Jimmy Carter met the first crackdown head-on. He fired off public statements and later a letter to 1975 Nobel Peace Prize winner Andrei Sakharov. He shook hands with exiled Vladimir Lukin in the White House in 1977. Yet errors continued—Anatoly Shcharovsky, Yuri Gagarin (who started the Helsinki human rights group in 1976) and Alexander Ginzburg among them.

After the signing of SALT II in Vienna last summer, the controversial mistake was that the Soviets would really start being good boys. Didn't they want the U.S. Senate to ratify SALT II? Didn't they think after the prestige of "Most

to show capital into the venture. But complaints from Rotterdamers, normally the most docile of folk, also poured in. Shipyard agents few boats began to plaster lens coats and paint was daubed on the door of a local station. When it leaked out that some vessels were to be anchored in low yards from the European Rotterdam is a low-level exhibition, demonstrators started the lower a restaurant, complaining that pulling in where it could be contemplated by visitors would be to announce Rotterdam's shame to the world. Deck residents heard details that if the locals stand to show themselves, they would meet with a stick and... whatever floats one's boat.

As for the city's argument that the problem of prostitution would not go away by itself, Rotterdamers claimed the Katerin district red light industry had recently taken up decision makers to the opening of new clubs and escort services and the inauguration of a new port zone to make every. Most of the 25,000 ships pulling into Rotterdam every year now use the new Europort where the Katerin is a bit bit away from the harbor for a long. With the new bars and tobacco stores standing every month, Katerin district has only 300 or so girls left.

Indeed the question of whether the houseboats will ever make their intended voyage depends ultimately on the prostitutes themselves. Clearly there's no point in having sex boats if they are going to be empty, conceded de Jong.

Peter Lewis



Volunteers

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Refining the old refrain

By Geoff Hunt

A oil refinery said to be in place on the seaport market is not worth a lot. Yet that was the grim prospect facing Come By Chance, the bankrupt 100,000-barrel-a-day refinery nudging into a corner cone on Newfoundland's Avalon Peninsula, which has been sitting idle and slowly rotting away for more than four years. Corroded even more in the petrifaction of the refinery's chief creditors, notably Britain's Export Credit Guarantee Department—a government agency that lends money for international projects—and the government of Newfoundland itself, which, between them, put up close to \$200 million in mortgage money and loan guarantees when the refinery was built, through the efforts of US pro-

ducing Come By Chance and reinvigorating as an East Coast refinery. A letter of intent signed between Petrocan and Peat Marwick Ltd., bankruptcy trustees currently managing the refinery, spells out Petrocan's cautious plan to investigate reconstituting the refinery. So far it falls considerably short of an outright sale—but it's still the best news to hit Come By Chance in years.

It all happened quickly. As late as January, buying Come By Chance was scarcely even in the minds of Petrocan's top brass. In fact, three years earlier, in 1977, Petrocan had looked into the refinery and rejected the idea, though, as one Petrocan official points out, the Crown corporation was then in its infancy and much poorer. What caught Petrocan's interest this time, says vice-president and general counsel David

O'Brien, was precisely the fact that this was the refinery's last chance. "We came to look at the refinery because it was a resource about to be scrapped," he said, adding that the purchase fits into Petrocan's mandate in the sense that "what we are trying to do is to increase Canadian participation in the petroleum sector" (Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has said he wants 30 per cent of the energy sector—now less than 25—owned by Canadians-owned-in-Canadian hands by 1990).

What makes Petrocan's current move somewhat curious is that it was the previous government of Joe Clark that started the ball rolling in late January, led—naturally—by then finance minister John Crosbie, in whose riding Come By Chance is located. Yet the Tory government was already committed to dismantling Petrocan—and which wing of the "privatized" corporation Crosbie intended to purchase Come By Chance is less than clear. Under Liberal rule, the current move makes far more sense as a symbolic flag-waving for the Crown corporation which the Liberals were so vehement about preserving.

What would a buyer deal with a refinery tucked away in a remote corner with no ready markets in the neighbourhood, and forced—till the mid-'80s anyway—to squeeze its crude oil out of a expensive world supply? How might Petrocan do better at Come By Chance than Shellwack, who, thanks to faulty equipment and changing world markets, was losing \$10 million a month by the time Come By Chance fell into bankruptcy in 1976, leaving, after just over two years of operation, close to \$600 million in bad debts? So far Petrocan is mum on the subject—but that's why it has commenced six months of studies. What Petrocan has said is that it is not looking for a firm decision on the availability of East Coast offshore oil, notably from the promising Ekofisk well, in which Petrocan still has a 25-per-cent interest. This may come as a surprise for, same way, without East Coast oil as feedstock, the refinery is even less attractive today than when it went bankrupt. Just what Petrocan has in mind to be it yet to see, and while everyone laments the ancient desire to keep the refinery alive, the Newfoundland—and Canadian—experience of repeatedly propping up the dead ducks of free enterprise leaves one to wonder whether the building of the refinery was more by accident than by choice.



Come By Chance refinery, Shellwack Shellwack dead ducks of free enterprise

noted John Shellwack and former Newfoundland premier Joey Smallwood a decade ago. Even though this industrial behemoth has been utterly idle since 1976—some say a mute tribute to Smallwood's "develop or perish" philosophy for resource Newfoundland's economy—the British creditors, who have forced to outsource to pour money into maintaining it—close to another \$20 million in four years—and last fall they blew the whistle. Either sell the refinery by the end of March, 1981, in fact, they said, or sell it for scrap. The weeks ticked by. Discussions became more earnest, more anxious.

Then, at the final hour, came Petro-Canada to the rescue. Is it more that surprised everyone—but caught really by time surprised to one—Canada's petroleum Crown corporation leaped suddenly into the scene, announcing late last month its newfound interest in pur-



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And guru **Timothy Leary** no longer believes that the future lies in LSD. Instead, he's looking forward to "plan-messiah advances" in the '90s that will address his own illness. "The biggest sin of all would be to incite people against stupidity," says 68-year-old Leary, who believes the humanistic drug boom will be in nicely with his Space Migration Intelligence Institute.



Leary: the future is pharmaceuticals. Harry, as a sexually frustrated wife and (hard) back to Florida in 'Roadie'.

and Life Sciences (PBS) program. The former Harvard professor and psychologist is experimenting his spiced montage through a stand-up comedy routine which he performs to call "stand-up philosophy." As the featured act at York Yek's Sorely Kabaeta in Toronto and Montreal this week, Leary plans to do out humor and insights along with a slide show. "I give the same lecture at colleges as I give in nightclubs," laughs Leary, who claims to "come from a long tradition of frontier socialist satire," including Marx, Taine and Leary.

People are born insignificant—you have to work to become great," said **Pete Atwood Murray**, a chair-sucking, whisky-drinking Catholic priest who settled in Wilcox, Saskatchewan, in the 1920s. Murray became "prety" by establishing Notre Dame College (renamed Abbé Murray College of Notre Dame). The feisty father also managed to rail heavily against the CCF party and the socialist principles of **Tommy Douglas**, sometimes using language that was so wake a Professor. Well, today, the people of Wilcox (population 180) are having a chance to relive the Murray

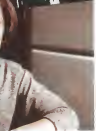
days through the filming of *The Mounds of Notre Dame*, a 14-episode movie about 36 hours in Murray's life and a hockey game that was crucial to the college. **Thomas Prosser**, 47, chairman of the University of Alberta drama department, takes his first film role as Murray. "We pray for husbands here," admits Prosser recently, since the production requires consistent snow. "And is sometimes on our side."

The long-awaited film debut of **Bob-Harry (Boudie)** Harry will take place next month at the Cannes Film Festival. In *Green City, Harry*, 35, plays a sexually frustrated New Jersey housewife with an accountant boyfriend obsessed with finding out who is stealing the family milk bottles. Though almost any



film featuring Harry would be sure to generate a faithful rock audience, City has been made as a low-budget labor of love and art. The director of photography is **Edward Lachman**, praised for his work as a cinematographer with new wave German director **Werner Herzog**, and the art direction has been handled by **George Slavick**, a top American stage director. Director **Mark Fink**, an actor himself, hopes that the film will succeed and enable him to resume work on *Wings of Ash*, a film biography of Canadian playwright **Archie Pitman** starring **Mike Jaggi**. Following her "art" debut, Harry will be seen in *Boudie*, along with **Marl Loei**, **Art Carney** and

Alice Cooper. This time she plays what she is—a woman with a taste. After that her film career becomes even more bizarre, as she teams up with **Cherish** and **Cheng** in a sequel to their 1979 effort, *Up in Smoke*.



Much to the consternation of ABC-TV, the all-American athlete it has been seeking in its World Superstar series has turned out to be Canada's **Brian Budd** for the third time in three years. "I think I'm driving the car crazy," chuckled Budd, 38, after he scored up his last trick at Foxport in the Bahamas, vanquishing Herman trophy winner **Charles White**. Budd earned \$42,500 for his victory, bringing his grand total for Canadian and over-all championships to \$175,000. The no-fear-on-forward for the Toronto Shamrock soccer team says the network is thinking of implementing "the Budd Rule" next year: That would prohibit three-time winners



Partial from galleons to boogieboots

murdering her husband. Corbitt paid for her "am" at the galleons. "This woman's life was destroyed almost a hundred years ago, and through the film we're going to back her life," says Portia, a genuine whose name is reminiscent of *Guinevere*. **Boogie** Portia has returned to the 20th century by opening her own one-woman boogie-boots "a rock show in Montreal, but film requires her first love, especially Canadian film. "I have no desire to end up in France or the U.S. with my suitcase in my hand like a beguine," she says.

Long before **Kiss** learned to use lipsticks, five young men calling themselves the New York Dudes were wearing the latest in parade makeup and main-

Budd (left), kneeling up everyone's shorts Sylvain, no bombs, no talk, no fun



from trying for a fourth run in the prehistoric-styled events. "They're trying to give me the elbow, there's not much doubt," says Budd. "I can't believe the reaction. Everybody is getting his shorts in a knot over it."

"I didn't want to be a star. I want to be an actor—a very good actor," says **London Pout**, 28, a French Canadian whose lustrous performance in Corbitt is winning her critical notice. The film is based on a true story involving a somewhat woman in rural Quebec who was falsely accused in 1985 of dallying with the hard band and

dads who let them smile just in the house. There's nothing left to fight for."

Throughout the **Ame Awards**, former ambassador to Iran **Kenneth Taylor** bobbed his head up and down to the tune of performers as diverse as **Caetano Veloso** and **Frankie Miller**. It was a pleasant diversion for Taylor, who told **Alfonso** that he hadn't been able to keep abreast of the Canadian music scene while in Tehran. "The ayatollah doesn't like it," says Taylor. "He has his own parliament."

Not a ship that sails the seven seas will be able to compete with the newly outfitted fleet of the Royal Saudi Arabian Navy—especially at Embarassment. There are 18,000 men in the Saudi navy and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers is the contracting agent for a \$2-billion expansion program which includes such assets as \$45 million worth of Lanchester class, Sturgeon class and *Christie* class. While it costs **King Khalid** \$450 a sailor before food, armor naval officers are being treated to four-pass silver plate settings which retail for \$811. "Why should they buy back?" says **Tom Rasmussen**, head of the U.S. team assigned to the Saudi expansion project. "They really do appreciate quality, so they'll pay for it." **Admiral Thomas B. Hayward**, chief of U.S. naval operations, doesn't fare so well. He is issued with standard hotel/motel-grade toiletries and his salad fork, for example, costs \$6 cents.

Without a doubt the pride of North Tarry Creek, Colorado, is 30-year-old **Eugene Fodor**, who has been moving classical music levers since 1954 when the various violinist won the coveted top honors in the International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow. "A violin is merely a string and a hollow box, touched by a horse's tail, with rests to play," explains Fodor, who sells his 244-year-old \$300,000 instrument as a "little." Fodor's good looks have led critics to use over his own appeal as well as his personate bowing. He has been described as "an Adonis who plays like a young Paganini and one of the few contemporary classical musicians who has the power to make women weep." The sexual praise doesn't upset Fodor. "Maybe it's my phrasing," he says. "The very glad that I've found attractive in certain women's eyes. Whatever brings people into the concert hall for the first time, so be it. Even if the reasons aren't musical."

Edited by **Martha Boulton**

Qualms before the storm



Empty Oriskany ballpark: covert preparation

The count was no balls and one strike up until the owners last week as major-league ballplayers walked off the job. Negotiations on a basic working agreement between the players' association and team owners had been starting and stalling for 30 weeks until Friday, on April Fools' Day, the players decided to skip the last week of spring training and its 80 exhibition games. It was a calculated aquatic game—eight years to the day after the first-ever players' strike in 1972. The players agreed to open the season this week, but to strike again. May 8th if no agreement has been reached. The owners' reaction was swift and to the point. All hotel, meal and expense

money for players was immediately shut off and the owners issued a directive prohibiting their right to bench any player deemed "not fit to play" come opening day. "They'll have to give us all sides," snarled Montreal Expos pitcher and resident social philosopher Bill Lee, "and then they'll find that some of us are fit to play and they'll have to cancel baseball." But the owners weren't exactly caught flat-footed. They have known all along that their proposal for compensation for free agents was unacceptable to the players.

The players picked May 21, the first

day of the Memorial Day weekend, traditionally a peak period for attendance and season ticket sales. By then, they will have collected these paycheques to tide them over. The owners, meanwhile, created a fund with a two-per-cent surcharge on tickets last year. Coupled with strike insurance, the fund is supposed to be \$1 million a day after the first two weeks of a strike. "Their covert preparation for a lengthy strike made us change our ideas," said Montreal Expos player reg Steve Rogers.

At the Toronto Blue Jays' camp, some players left for home, others stayed for workouts with the manager and coaches. At the Montreal training site the players rejected supervised workouts and only 14 remained in DuPonts Fourth Expo Stadium and General Manager John Matherle blasted his players' attitude, charging that they were the only club in the majors not working out as a team. (The San Diego Padres and Oakland As were others.) "The Pittsburgh Pirates even held an intra-squad series," he said pointedly. "It would be in they at least are serious about repeating as champions."

Early 88 hours later, the Expos were back in uniform, meekly practicing under the eye of Manager Dick Williams. Rogers and the team's initial reaction was an emotional one, but its request to practice didn't mean a weakening of resolve. "This boycott is a calculated statement of solidarity," said Rogers. "If the owners don't take it as such, they are merely kidding themselves." As the fans will, it is clear that the players' April 1 decision was a joke—and that the owners don't think it's funny either. **Sandra Rubin**

The 'Great' one's long great year

After 380 days and 548 games, the National Hockey League season was close to an end, its season recognized as last year's baseball season came to its close. There were 21 net teams trying for the Stanley Cup, but as the baseball season strikes, there are only 18.

As was anticipated, the excitement level was somewhat difficult to sustain. But the league rose to the challenge. The Philadelphia Flyers went on a record undefeated streak, the Montreal Canadiens stumbled and recovered, the New York Rangers finished, the Toronto

Maple Leafs staged a tragicomic soap opera and the staunchest of fans dripped enthusiasm as teams that had lost many more games than they had won struggled to qualify for the second round.

Yet as the months wore on, there



Gretzky, proving he deserves his nickname

were sparks. There were Marcel Dionne and his high-scoring line-mates, Guy Lafleur scoring at least 50 goals for the sixth consecutive year, the impressive rookie year of Boston's Ray Bourque—and then there was Wayne Gretzky.

His nickname is "Great" and many thought he would live it in the 1980s. But joining the league with the Edmonton Oilers he mostly convinced everyone that he deserves it. On Feb. 10 he set a record set in 1947—14 years before he was born—by accumulating six seven goals. The points gave him one more than the franchise record. He finished with 66 goals and 96 assists for 162 points, leaving it up to Dionne to decide the scoring title in the final game of the season.

The season may not be remembered because of its length or the Flyers' streak, or the scoring championship. It will be remembered, though, as the year the "Great" got started.

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Charles Mingus
(Harcourt / GSA)

John Mitchell's widely publicized collaboration with the late Charles Mingus accidentally devastated the composer-bassist's reputation. Intended as an experiment and a parody, Mitchell's *Mingus* instead turned out to be his own song. Though well crafted, Mitchell's jangling vocals and the trendy electronics of her accompaniment gave the impression of young moderns pillaging the reputation of a jazz patriarch in a wheelchair. Contrary evidence on this new and very good three-record sampler, *Passions of a Man*, is overwhelming: Mingus needed no dusting off. An arbiter to rival his dying day, every track here bears witness to a musical imagination propelled by endless energy. Mingus easily could have used two lifetimes just to finish weaving the many strands of his music.

Mingus exuberated for sharp accents and hard jabs in what are subtle, strategic strokes of sound, his music in the surreal, flow, now, all shadows and glare. Although famous for his adoption of Duke Ellington's sophisticated voicings (here in *Sounds of Love*) and of modern European experimental technique into good-bye *Antennae* jazz, the hardest blues and most tribal-sounding rhythms were seldom far from hand. Whether Mingus is teasing great swarms of sound like *Professor Night Prayer* or using pensive ballads in shaded scenes, the power of his music comes from the clash of solos and structures. He guided his players to the far reaches of arrangement with astounding results, reducing the likes of Eric Dolphy, Ted Curson, John Handy and Booker Ervin to soaring personal expression.

Mingus, an arbiter to rival his dying day

CHARLES MINGUS
Professor Longhair
(Arista / Trends)

Until his sudden death this January, Professor Longhair (Ray Bryd) was the great heart of New Orleans rhythm. As a teacher of Pat Martino, he was a father of rock 'n' roll and a jazz

BOBBY MCNEIL • LARRY MARSH



virtuoso, everything from burlesque boogie to over-the-top rambles passed through his piano and voice. He was the ultimate party music in a city that never lost festive rhythms—jazz at its most out-of-control, funky and sexy.

Most of Longhair's early records are lost and, until *Crescent Piano*, his acoustic and driven piano had eluded capture on vinyl. This record is hardly a reliquary, with rousing versions of four Longhair classics and a rendition of Pat Martino's *Whole Lotta Love* where he lets loose his unbridled rock styling. Each side ends with a bitter-sweet piano take, an index of the agelessness of the French Quarter's back streets that marks Longhair's sound as the sound of home. **Bart Testa**

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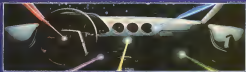


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Behavior

Flipper madness



By Lawrence O'Toole

Is there anything more disheartening than watching a Las Vegas bull bleed? When the casino-bell, on a good day, that question might visit a peripatetic "Hot", but the ever-increasing crowd, familiar with the parlance of pinball, would understand that it's tantamount to tragedy. To them the game is an obsession—a light-and-sound show contained in a glass-topped rectangle the size of a suitcase trunk with more colors in it than the eye can react to in mere glances. Using a pair of skillfully deployed flippers to keep that steel ball from being swallowed, the pinballer can rack up points all the way to 999,999, beat the machine, and up the top of the heap. It's rare. Rare still is a blinding Las Vegas ball. Disquieting as it might sound, it means simply that a ball that has passed the flippers and is presumed dead bounces back but then, rearing as if in resurrection, passes the flippers again seconds later and is finally interned. Playing pinball, for the majority of those who do it, is just that kind of torturous pleasure. What puzzle-solider—and sometimes even all-arounder—is why they go at it with such addictive abandon.

Call it love. Beginning as bagatelle ("love affair" in slang), pinball is 17th-century France was basically pool



played on an inclined table with holes in it. Today in Canada, pinball is inexpensive, fun, legal and has hooked growing hordes in the past few years. Thomas Nicmas of Bally Manufacturing Corp. in Chicago estimates that the four major pinball companies (the others are D Gottlieb and Co., Williams Electronics, Inc. and Stern Electronics, all in Chicago) turned out between 225,000 and 250,000 machines last year alone, more than twice the amount of four years ago. Canadian airports, bars and town squares, hotels, bars, suburban, rooming and neighborhood stores in small towns across the country have them. Types as dissimilar as Alaskan Lun-



Pinballers are drawn to the colorful, light-and-sound show of the machine. A release from tensions, as good as a hot bath.



Pinballers are drawn to the colorful, light-and-sound show of the machine. A release from tensions, as good as a hot bath.

Murder to the machine is an exotic off again. In fact, Canadian business editor Alexander Ross says he plays it "because it's a way of venting anger. I know it's a bit of a jerk, but I know it's a bit better. That's why I'm the average pinballer. I am." A student from New Brunswick loved the things much he last semester year of college by playing it constantly, weekdays. He rarely plays and regards the machine bitterly as he would an old enemy. A salesman from Toronto who feels tense from so much traveling goes directly to the airport after his business trips and spends an hour or so with someone called Matt Hall, who occasionally takes pity on him, rewarding him with a few free games. "He's my assistant," he cracks.

Nearly every pinballer will say the machine is relaxing—a release from modern tensions, as good as a hot bath.

The seminal reason given is that it's "fun," and since fun can range from playing bongo to viewing a house of ill repute, the scope of pinball players' motivations is clearly a wide one. Margaret Krollman, a clerk from Winnipeg, gets off on the sensory stimulation. "The sounds, lights and lights are exciting. Sure it can be frustrating at times, but it's a great way of dealing with boredom. It's also self-competitive." Kirk Hansen, a systems analyst in Toronto, says he loves the sound of the machines—the simple musical chime and clang of the slider moving. There's the carry-over with blaring primary col-

ors and dazzling, flashing lightshows, and the machines' pay-innography which includes comic book, movie and gambling motifs—the perfect adult toy. Perhaps a male game, reaching back to childhood fantasies such as the Wild West and jungle madrasms, pinball also boasts that traditionally male and venerable combination: skill battling chance. There's a tantalizing seductive lure to it, too, as well as an element of the forbidden. Since 1938, when the pinball business was decimated by under-world figures and New York mayor Fiorella La Guardia took a sledgehammer to the machines and bashed the bell-

out of them, pinball has been associated with a certain quasi-sinister.

Technology, however, got the better of morality. "For a while there was a lull in pinball," says Edward Trapanio, author of *Speed When You Play* and *A Mechanical History of Pinball*, "and now technology has brought it back." He's referring to the surge in popularity since the introduction four years ago of highly sophisticated, video-style games in the machine by way of solid state components. Now they come in countless variations and make newer and more complex sounds. Gaenger, a machine recently marketed by Williams, can actually talk, clanking in the most irritating tone that he has, or else successfully simulating debate. Another new machine from Williams due in June, *Pinocovax*, emits 31 different sounds with 167 variations, has 22 different phrases and, if you hit the right targets, has a three-ball play, instead of just one. For the moment, it's more heaven than hell. One of the attractions to pinball nowadays, especially in the arcades, says Trapanio, "is that you can walk into them from time to time and always find something new. And the technology isn't oppressive, either. A pinball machine isn't like the computer that we need or our lives—you're doing something to it." The idea of besting the machine and, in part, controlling it is part of the irresistible urge to play.

For the cerebral, mathy writers, get hell in a manual holiday—a way to empty the mind. Trapanio plays to give his readers a workout. When J. Anthony Lukacs was toiling over his book, *Wayback: The Underworld of the Neon Place*, he kept a pinball machine next to his typewriter. Said Lukacs: "When the words wouldn't flow anymore, I moved to the pinball. If I could beat one machine, I could beat the other." He went even farther, using pinball as a metaphor for life, "getting man's skill, nerve, persistence and luck against the perverse complexity of human existence." Bob Mersereau, another New Brunswick resident who retreats to Fredericton's Broken Out to liberate the nervous system after a hard day at work, feels "there must be a God at pinball watching over you. I have this marvelous relationship with the game. I hate myself when I lose and love it when I win."

Addictive, cheap, restorative, sensual, a way to become a wizard, pinball is a propulsive made by a piece of hardware—a case-on from computer components. Enough to make S. P. Skupper feel beside himself with joy with its maze-like face and free-guns rewards, it is, according to its devotees, just a way to feel better. And then there's something else: \$99.99—the original of pinball. ☐

Transportation

The long and short of supertrucking

You pull out to overtake the tractor-trailer rig ahead of you. You put your foot all the way down to the floor, but somehow you don't seem to be making much headway. You're still moving parallel with the truck, and the truck seems to go on forever. Forever, you find, in 100 feet long, or will it be a recent Ontario Trucking Association proposal finds favor with the provincial government. The association wants the present 70-foot limit on the length of trucks lifted for a year in order to experiment with supertrucks, giant "beetle" cars carrying two trailers pulled by one.



tractor-trailers—that would carry 12 or more cars in a single load. The current limit is eight cars and if the trucks get the green light, says Stephen Platt, executive vice-president of tria, the result could be far savings of 25 to 40 per cent and reduced pre-delivery shampoos for car buyers. The benefits are already in use in Alberta and being considered in Quebec, but the O.T.A. may have a fight on its hands. The 600,000-member Ontario Motor League one of the most powerful consumer pressure groups, doesn't want them as the rule.

"We are very concerned about the length and weight of the carrier," says Pat Corran, manager of consumer and public information for the O.M.L., which has made its views known to Ontario Transportation Minister James Snow. What the league is worried about specifically is that drivers of small cars will face big problems in passing these trucks, that there will be greater visibility problems from splash and spray and steering problems caused by wind drag. In the U.S., the O.M.L. points out, highway fatalities in heavy truck accidents have risen steadily since weight restrictions were eased in 1975. In one study fatalities were up 47.6 per cent between 1975 and 1978.

However, the truckers are not op-

posing to cross these plants down suburban streets, only on selected divided highways. And, says the O.T.A.'s Platt, "No responsible executive could afford to waste the kind of money on something that isn't safe." Off-road safety tests of braking and tracking ability have already

been carried out on a prototype double rig designed by Fred Chase, plant manager of Toronto's Chasman Manufacturing. Says Chase, "It's much easier to drive than a standard rig in a lot of ways. It turns better." Moreover, new design tricks should ensure that the double-link up does spray into conventional rigs.

For the Ontario Motor League, all this has a ring of déjà vu about it. Ten years ago the first "triples"—a combination of a tractor, one trailer and two trailers adding up to 105 feet in length—were introduced in Alberta for the movement of general freight. The league immediately mounted a campaign to keep the triples out of Ontario. This time the strategy is another, but equally long, supertruck. And there seems little doubt that if the doubles are allowed to roll, then the triples will eventually follow. Indeed, the O.T.A.'s Platt says that his organization is already preparing additional proposals "to permit other vehicle combinations up to 116 feet" for the maximum of general freight.

Albertans, meanwhile, have learned to live with the triples. And, says Mike



Chase and prototype drivers of small cars could track big problems



College of the Alberta Motor Association, "we've had certainly no problems with them." The triples run only on Highway 2 between Calgary and Edmonton, and on selected routes into those cities—including some parts of Edmonton's twisting, turning Great Road. They are also required to shut down at the first hint of adverse weather conditions. There is, College says, "no evidence at all" of an increase in the accident rate due to these trucks. Still, Pat Corran thinks people should not be too quick to generalize from Alberta to Ontario. "With our volume of traffic, particularly around Metro Toronto, the situation is a bit different."

As for the problem of highway wear, College says that the triples are "no more deleterious than any other type of vehicle." The question is not simply the weight of the truck but the number of axles carrying that weight. Indeed, Premise Equipment of Remcon has an absolute master of a tractor-trailer combination—148 feet long and 17 feet wide—which can carry loads of 500 tons without tearing up the highway, because it runs on 64 wheels. This supertruck operates only under special permit, and then only with pilot vehicles in front and aft.

Andrew Weiner

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Justice

Erasing stigma with eloquence

By Paul Gosselin

The 55-year-old woman with the wavy grey glasses and straight brown hair was infuriated. The membership meeting in North Vancouver had been called to discuss changing the name of the North Shore Association for the Mentally Retarded. The woman was angered by a man who stood up to protest any change. He had a young daughter, he announced, and he didn't object to her being called retarded. Barb Goode rose and, her face reddening, her voice picked back, told the father: "We've done it for your daughter when she grows up." The members at that emotion-drenched meeting two years ago voted to rename their group an association for the mentally handicapped. It was a major semantic change but a significant victory for Goode. She is mentally handicapped, and as she said later, "I can't stand the word retarded. I think you should label jars, not people."

Like 80 per cent of the mentally handicapped, Barb Goode is only mildly handicapped. She is a slow learner who attended special classes while growing up at home with her parents.

Today she lives on her own in an apartment and has bought bonds and an RRSP with money she earned as a nurse's aide and as assistant researcher with a Vancouver job-placement program for the retarded. She is also president of the North Shore branch of People First, the most vigorous voice of a remarkable movement that is allowing mentally handicapped people to speak for themselves, haltingly but eloquently, as they begin to demand their civil rights. These self-help groups—12 across the country, including 1984 in Toronto and last September in Moncton—are persuasive examples of the current theory that assert, if not all, of Canada's 600,000 retarded can live in normal surroundings and escape the inhumanity and stigma of institutions.

The concept of moving into the community is gradually, painfully gaining public sympathy as North Americans are increasingly confronted—in the media, on the street, sometimes by the group's most daring—with the reality that three per cent of the population suffers mental handicaps. This week in Hollywood, Tim Wahl's *Best Day* is a lively *Oscar* winner as best documentary it's the surprisingly popular, accom-

panied positive film about Wahl's 20-year-old retarded cousin who has lived for all but two years at home with his parents and is moving to the independence of a group home. On television this season, CBC's *One of Our Own* told the story of a retarded teen-ager, memorably portrayed by 15-year-old David McFarlane, who is afflicted with Down's syndrome. In Alberta, Edmonton's Catalyst Theatre Group is currently touring the province with a revue that dramatically explains legal rights that dramatically explains legal rights to mentally handicapped Canadians. And this month in the Metro Toronto municipality of Scarborough, eight retarded men and women are moving into a five-bedroom house, the first group home opened there after a local bylaw was approved last year and federal debate.

Last year the Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia established the right of group homes to locate in residential areas in those provinces. Recent decisions in other provinces continue to strengthen the rights of the mentally handicapped. Ontario has banned the sterilization of all children under 18 and last last month introduced stiff legislation to govern sterilization for all ages. Also last month the

Alberta Association for the Mentally Retarded presented a brief to the Canadian Human Rights Commission asking that the Human Rights Act be amended to forbid discrimination based on mental handicap.

"Our pressing issue," says Gerald Kladetz, legal counsel of the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded, "is the right not to be confined in an institution." The association would like to close the doors of all the institutions, which still hold more than 18,000 Canadians (AMR president Jo Dickey of Vancouver believes that even the most profoundly retarded can lead fuller lives in a family-like atmosphere in the community than one 18-year-old son, Drew, is going into a group home this month after 16 years in an institution). Provincial governments are much less committed to that idea, although most now fund at least some life-service programs to "desinstitutionalize" the mentally handicapped. But as Dickey told the association's annual convention in Vancouver last fall: "The public is confused and I am confused that governments say they believe in community living and yet we still invest millions of dollars in the antiquated concept of institutions."

Canadian institutions have progressed beyond the heightened days when society feared that the retarded would pollute the great god unless they were locked away in what became big storehouses of stagnant human beings. But horror stories still emerge. A case called

at the Thurman Regional Centre in Orillia, Ont., was found guilty of assault three years ago after kidnapping a mentally handicapped woman in the face. A year later a co-suspect at the Thurman Regional Centre in Smiths Falls, Ont., was convicted of assault on testimony that he had placed a retarded man's penis on a table and stood on it. Yet the sinister effects of an institution—neglect, stagnation, regression—can still be badly as heinous. One 30-year-old seriously retarded man spent more than two decades in Orillia's Elmside institution and eventually had to be forced

out of his parents' car after weekend visits at home. In 1978 he settled in a Toronto group home. "The move has made him a grown-up instead of a kid," his father says. Days his mother "Mark is a person we

About the time this issue was institutionalized, Denmark and Sweden were experimenting with community living for the retarded—a movement that spread to North America in the '60s when Nebraska and Saskatchewan pioneered group homes. Saskatchewan had an experiment policy that such residential take care retarded persons from

Stewart (left) and Barry (right) campaigning against the corporate effect of labeling

Teaching at Woodlands, teaching skills in the advanced concept of institutions



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980-012

an institution for every one already in the community, within three years the population at an institution in Moose Jaw had dropped from 1,300 to about 700.

Nowhere in Canada has the outcast-back once been handled more respectfully than in B.C. A group of parents with children in the Woodlands treatment and training centre for the retarded in New Westminster organized as a pressure group four years ago and convinced the Social Services to support an independent Community Living Society by giving it \$100,000 a

year per client—which at the time was the cost of keeping someone in Woodlands. In the past 14 months the society has placed 41 retarded people, 11 of them severely handicapped, in residences around Metropolitan Vancouver. Its staff of seven acts as a broker between community agencies and the retarded, arranging individually designed accommodation and follow-up care in group and foster homes—and, increasingly, in dwellings the mentally handicapped rent themselves.

Last month three men—27-year-old Donald Barry, who had lived with his

parents, 39-year-old Donald Stewart from Woodlands and 30-year-old Jim Riphart from a group home—moved into their own rented house with a male social worker who supervises them overnight during the week (a female worker relieves him on weekends). During the day the men attend a sheltered workshop and at night a trainer teaches them such rudimentary skills as cooking and budgeting. With the three men contributing most of their \$271-a-month government subsidies toward the rent, it costs about \$38,500 a year to run the group home. The current cost of keeping a single person in Woodlands is now about \$36,000 a year.

Despite such successes, Dr. Elena Tschider, medical director of Woodlands, maintains that Canadian institutions for the retarded won't disappear for at least the next decade. The growing lobby for those who remain inside new shelters former residents themselves. Les Compagnons des Marcheurs, founded in 1963, is the oldest self-help group for the mentally handicapped in Quebec City's Robert-Gifford Hospital.

Toronto's **PRIME—Rural Rights and Social Equality**—was formed by handicapped people themselves two years ago; they meet regularly to hear speakers on subjects like mental law and to campaign against the erroneous labelling of the mentally handicapped. The 35 members prefer to be known as slow learners.

People First—an idea that spread from Quebec to B.C. and Alberta—in Vancouver is a Vancouver with five groups. The eldest is Barb Gaudin's chapter which, in two years of working with community advisers, has sponsored social events and invited experts to its meetings to stimulate discussion. An older review is presented monthly, less to confuse their own, somewhat school experience ("The other kids were heartless," Gaudin says about her years in a special class in a regular high school. "They would just laugh at us and leave us alone.")

When the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded met in Vancouver last fall, it designed a brochure for **People First** to present at the conference. But the members politely refused the fun pamphlet and prepared a brochure about themselves—which periodically defined their organization as "a group where we can gain confidence to speak out for ourselves." ☐

Portrait of a C.G.A.



Harvey Gilmour, C.G.A., Manager, Financial Planning—Ancillary Operations, University of Western Ontario

In providing a total financial service in his particular area, Harvey Gilmour uses a combination of technical, managerial, analytical and human relations skills. Week after week he is called upon to diagnose and explain budget, spending reports, financial analysis and feasibility studies in meetings with senior managers, students, faculty and Senate committees. He is keenly aware of the needs of the University community and familiar with all aspects of its operations. His major daily contacts are with other senior officers. Away from the office, Harvey enjoys activities such as golf, bridge, gardening and woodworking, and still finds time for a bit of private consulting and tax work. His career is satisfying. It all adds up.

Harvey Gilmour is a Certified General Accountant (C.G.A.).



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Health

Finding happiness in a good ion ratio

"I still don't believe it. I look at it and ask, 'That isn't,'" says Toronto data processing consultant Joseph Pistruck. Since buying a negative ion generator for his office seven weeks ago, he has not had even one of the headaches that plagued him almost daily for 15 years. Now he has one generator in his office and three at home for the entire family. Lois McKay started having trouble sleeping when she moved from Thunder Bay to Toronto three years ago. She bought the first of her three ionizers two years ago and has slept happily ever after. Optometrist Ned Page owns five large ones and reports even more dramatic effects. "With the machine turned on high and the doors closed, you can literally get high. I leave the doors of my office open now."

Five years ago, the owner of an ionizer would be suspected of also having a wattle, live beads and a Cadillac in tow. Today, the negative ion generator is almost respectable. There is even one in the basement workroom of the Cana-

dian Institute of Chartered Accountants. Somehow, the ionizer has found a comfortable niche in the health products business—despite a very healthy reputation of about \$148, the irritation of a faint buzz and an effectiveness range of only six feet. And there is no solid proof that it really does anything. Says consulting engineer William Kitchin, whose hobby is the study of negative ions (and who uses one in his office and at home), "Even though the medical profession has turned thumbs down on ionizers as far as the advertised benefits go, the public has said, 'Nuts to you. We'll buy them anyway.'"

The principle behind the ionizer has been understood since the 18th century. Molecules floating in the air sometimes lose or gain electrons (atomic particles with a negative electrical charge). When this happens, the molecule has either a positive or a negative charge and is called an ion. In normal air outside, ions exist naturally in a ratio of five positive ions to every four negative ones. But when air is filtered, cooled or

McKay no longer any trouble sleeping

recirculated, as it is in most buildings, many of the negative ions get stripped away. Ionizer supporters believe this causes fatigue and depression in the 25 to 30 per cent of the population that is particularly sensitive to the absence of negative ions—and they say the problem is intensified in large modern offices with windows that do not open and air that is filtered and recircled. An ionizer simply restores the natural balance.

But whether the benefits are real or imagined, the growth in popularity is undeniable. Two Montreal distribution firms for ionizers, Elcar International and British Electronics, recently introduced less expensive air units (\$99 to \$325). Elcar's president, William Lee, says that about 75 per cent of his customers get so hooked on the unit they buy for their home that they want one for their car as well. Last year he sold more than 5,000 ionizers in 75 distribution shops across the country. Says Lee, "People are buying ionizers mainly because they're cooled, humidified, deodorized and they find there's still something lacking in the air." But perhaps the clearest sign of ionizers' popularity is the success of the book that brought negative ions to the mind of the public in 1977, *The Ion Effect*, by Toronto business consultant Fred Sopka and journalist Alan Edmunds. It has 10,000 paperback copies in print in Canada and 100,000 in the U.S., with 4,000 more coming out every month.

The gap between the testimony of satisfied customers and that of the scientific community is extraordinary. David Johnson of the Federal Health Protection Branch says most of the considerable literature on the topic is unconvincing because of poor experimental technique. "I am puzzled no one's working on it," he says of the idea that air poor in negative ions may have deleterious effects, for he would like to see the question settled. He says it has received low priority among scientists because of funding problems.

Those who swear their headaches have been cured, or that they are no longer grouchy around three in the afternoon, or that their nathans have eased, may not much care about the lack of scientific support. Gerald Davis, for example, is president of TION—The Environmental Analysis Group, an Ottawa consulting firm that evaluates environments with an eye toward the requirements of their users. Do humans require negative ions? "I am not able now to say there is a scientifically provable requirement. I can say for myself and my organization that we have established it as a requirement for ourselves." He owns four.

David Weinberger



so pure...so smooth...so dry.

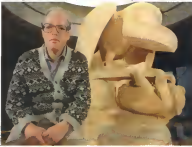
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The happy rebirth of an intricate art

By Thomas Hopkins

The huge golden black curves down over the nose of a clamshell. Pressed along the edges of the shell and wedged inside it are the carved buttocks and black furs of small humans coaxed from the comfort of their skins forth to place by the unconscious wheeling of Raven, The Trickster. The noncommittal sculpture, chipped from a single 4-to-6-in block of laminated yellow cedar, symbolizes the creation myth of a dismembered man, the Haida Indians of the Northwest Coast of British Columbia. Its designer is Bill Reid, 69, Haida.



carver. For many, *Raven and the First Men*, unveiled by Prince Charles last week at the University of British Columbia's stunning Museum of Anthropology, represents the linchpin in what has become a remarkable renaissance of Northwest Coast Indian art.

Twenty-five years ago the dense, intricate art of B.C.'s Indians was collected and forgotten, wooden totem poles growing moss on the coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands, carved artifacts of past lives carefully numbered and sitting in museums. Today, in a stylish and happy rebirth, there are more than 200 carvers and printmakers thriving in the province, with some 25 buildings on the best of the street

corrections and formalism of the oil styles. Apprenticeship programs have blossomed all along the B.C. coast, and government and private commissions allow the most popular of the new careers to earn up to \$80,000 a year. Prints, such as *Rebirth* by gifted young Haida carver Robert Davidson (see box), which sold for \$500 in 1975, now sell for nearly \$2,000, and West Coast artist Joe David's *Memorial Rainbow Dream* fetches \$600, up from \$150 two years ago. Banners designed by Northwest Coast artists flutter over Vancouver streets and a dozen or so galleries that specialize in the art have



Bill Reid and "Raven" (far left), Davidson's "Killer Whale" (middle) and pole on the Queen Charlotte Islands (above), Joe David's (above), "Raven Birth Ancestral Man" (visual punning)



born art. Spending of it he will call himself a "magnificent builder" in one sentence, a maker of "anti-fakes" in the next. These kinds of contradictions may have contributed to the fact that the Haida began his life for seven years before he could finish it. Though he began in 1953, with a design taken from a beached carving he had made in 1950, the totem that now houses the sculpture sat empty for years as illness and other commitments kept Reid away from the carving. It was only the patronage and persistence of B.C. philanthropist and lumberman Walter Kierner that pushed it through. Shaped by five different carver apprentices and finished by Reid, it will sit in a hotel of steel from Rose Spit, which curves from the north tip of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the spot where the legend was supposed to have taken place.

Despite the mythic force of the piece, Reid decided to shake it all in 1969 to begin work on the Northwest Coast ceremonial houses and six totem poles commissioned by him. From there he went on despite the remaining debilitation of Parkinson's disease to study the old forms, adapting them to premodernism in the early '70s. In 1978 he triumphantly raised a pole to the applause of 1,500 people gathered at his mother's village of Skidegate on the rain- and moss-painted Queen Charlotte Islands, the traditional Haida homeland.

It was of a scale and precision that have made Reid famous, but it also served to symbolize the unadorned beauty incoherent both Reid and the re-

new more constantly Eagle, Beaver, Killer Whale, Dogfish, Kevon. The designs show taboos of bears becoming men, devouring frogs who become hawks—all kin to man and capable of transforming one to another. The artist is a shaman, a trickster like Raven, the performer of magic. The building blocks or "alphabet" of the art are shapes such as the squarish oval (called "loved"), elongated "y's," stylized eyebrows and wings, stitched together with thick, black, vinyl-coated "fern lines." The result is what Reid calls "suppressed power."

Part of the confusion over what is acceptable in the new Northwest Coast art is that the old art was practical as well as mythic and symbolic—designs were found on rattles, masks, ceremonial boxes and cooking utensils. And artists held high social stations: a totem pole is the painting-based Eastern Woodlands school of Indian artists like Norval Morrisseau, which emerged into this 20th century and had no heritage of craft making. Originally the best of the Northwest Coast craftsman's work served a function in the community. Much of it was used in potlaches, gift-giving exercises as intricate and applied as a Japanese Noh play and religious in their grandeur. Chief's gifts reflected the elegance of a Chinese emperor and even spoons and silver grasse bowls were intricately carved with gliding birds and fish. "They were," says



Reid, "communities of nonconformers." They also were... to the loss of status—makers of trade goods faded after Captain George Dixon first exchanged goods with the Haida on the Charlottes in 1780; the production volume of exquisitely wrought artifacts declined. The vast bulk now in public hands was created between 1850 and 1910, much of it for white men. Trade led to excavation. New materials, such as the soft black slate called argillite, were whittled and polished silver came hammered into intricately carved headbands. But the Haida must also brought smallpox, called Tom Dyer by the Indians after the sailor who allegedly spread it. Worst hit were the

Haida. In 1835 they numbered some 6,000. After smallpox ravaged the Charlottes, by 1815 there were 500. Yet another death blow was dealt by the white man—in 1884 the federal government enacted a missionary-inspired ban on potlaching that remained in effect until 1951. The young of the seven groups could make up the West Coast Indians, with the exception of the Kwakwaka'wakw (Kwakwaka) who potlatched secretly, grew up ignorant of the old ways.

By the early 20th century the art was finished. And its renaissance lay under-

"His other West Coast groups had Haida, Kwakwaka'wakw, Coast Salish, and Coast Mowachaht and Jula-Costa."

stood until the 1940s when Max Frost, an artist, Bryson and other European commercial artists-in-wait in New York and friends such as anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss were attracted by its visual puns and playfulness. They began buying it and prompted the art's first gallery show in New York in 1945. By the '50s the art had come to museum level; carver Mungo Martin to create poles at the carport and by 1959 Reid had quit the CBC to devote his time to researching what the \$15,000 or so price of art on public hands. With the 1968 opening of The School of Indian Art at Kwan in North Central BC and the introduction of potlatching in the early '70s, native art began to

door looking for old work." He says: "I found only one box. Undiscovered, he played it out during the old days in the museum and anthropology fairs. It was found with Reid who, in 1965, recommended her as a teacher of the new Glenora School of Northwest Art at Kwan. Reid 'handed' her first lesson of the museum."

It was then that Davidson felt he could write home to rekindle the old ways. In 1969 he went back and carved his first pole, the celebration of its making was the closest to a potlatch that people could remember since 1938. Davidson returned to Vancouver, living on commissions and sales of his prints. His work matured, appearing in the 1971 Legacy show at contemporary and classical Northwest Coast art organized by the U.C. Research Museum. Supple with the old styles, he began to experiment, pushing the formal elements to its limits. The result was Cycles, last year's one-man show mounted by the UBC Museum of Anthropology. Powerful emotional renderings in work such as *Sea & Sky* (left) and *Concurrence* (right) showed Davidson transcending the deeply decorative elements of the style.

Yet while his yearly income soared to \$60,000, the studio began to strain. Inside complained his prints were self-conscious, and he separated from his wife who kept their two children. So Davidson spent the six months before the latest carving masks, carvings and totempoles for the ceremony. It was a period of renewal of relating to the comforting reservoir of Haida tradition. Now, sitting by the hoodlum, he carved on the 1975 ceremonial house erected to honor his great-grandfather, the Haida carver Charles Colman (1820-1924), Davidson claims. The art will have more looking new than I can see. New it was really used." However, he says, the museum work of Davidson and others may be too late, at least for the Haida. The numbers are low, the resources too high. "I look at what Robert is doing in the Charlottes," said anthropologist Peter Maclean, "and at I can see it is a man engaged in a lament." T.H.



Conjuring the past for present glory

Robert Davidson tall and slight, draped almost nervously over the top of his coat, stood in a rooming house in Vancouver, looking at a group of Haida men and women performed a nervous but enthusiastic version of the dimly remembered Eagle dance. It was obviously their first time, but Davidson's lively comments made the newcomers' initial awkwardity and stunted the memory of older men and women who had seen this dance since their youth. When they were finished the crowd cheered as if their home-town basketball team had got with the championship.

For Davidson, at 32 the first of the Haida carvers and potlachers, and arguably the best of a new breed of Northwest Coast Indian artists, the event was a celebration, a homecoming celebration of his native heritage in his own home town. Unlike the kids in the audience, Davidson was a

child, had had no introduction to the Haida's rich past. Of himself, then, he now a fervent admirer of government-run museums, he had been introduced to the Haida's rich past. Of himself, then, he now a fervent admirer of government-run museums, he had been introduced to the Haida's rich past. Of himself, then, he now a fervent admirer of government-run museums, he had been introduced to the Haida's rich past.



Davidson and his housewife, 'Docteur', comforting reminder of Haida tradition.

He wouldn't change that again, until while living in the U.S. in Vancouver, he stumbled upon the old Hastings Street Museum and discovered the goldmine of Northwest Coast Indian art. The event was a celebration, a homecoming celebration of his native heritage in his own home town. Unlike the kids in the audience, Davidson was a

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flourish with the slow relearning of the old political forms and skilful maneuvering to meet expanding economic demands. Says Peter Macquie, curator of ethnology at Victoria's Provincial Museum, "It remains a living art."

But the fact that it is alive is as forceful and commercial a way, through the vehicle of relatively cheap limited-edition prints, has brought its own pressures. Reid's popularity and the seemingly classic mix of the Haida style has led to a "Haida is good, good in Haida" attitude among buyers who tend to pass over the more flamboyant and theatrical designs of the Kwakwaka'wakw, much to the irritation of that style's champions. Printmaking has also led to the disappearance of quickly done "airport art" aimed at cash-rich Japanese tourists. "Seventy-five per cent of the artists working today don't understand the basic *lanas*," worries 35-year-old Kwakwaka'wakw carver Tony Hunt. With scholarly criticism just beginning, it is taking time for the art galleries to confidently show and categorize the best of the new work. For good young carvers and printmakers such as Art Thompson, Gerry Marks and Ray Vickers, scoring time for their work is slow to come. "It's time to get people out to support these artists," says Marjorie Halpin. "There's been guilt in the past about white people even owning this work. Now I'm trying to turn people into collectors." Aggravating the problem is the continuing distinction between the new art and its anthropological basis, a gap between tradition and art most keenly felt by the artists themselves. "I could easily make a good living just as an artist," says Tony Hunt, who comes from a family of 25 carvers, runs a Victoria art gallery and a training program for young native students. "But my role is to teach at my cost."

For his part, Bill Reid warms about cluttering up the art by using it to "re-invent Indians." "Sufficing the curse of a pioneer who had to work alone for many years, he is less concerned by the style's cultural imperativeness and says, "Sometimes I think we should be learning to fix cars and toasters, not doing art." But even Reid chose to create the Skidegate pole for only his expenses, and he admits that he wants his ashes scattered over Tuna, his mother's abandoned ancestral Gwaii Chanish island village. Tony Hunt and Robert Davidson, both extremely successful, feel compelled to teach and are at varying stages of building big houses in their relatively barren home villages. But, ironically, the most arduous strength of the Northwest Coast art renaissance may be its most lasting. Says Marjorie Halpin, "For one do this for the rest of your life; make a living and still be an Indian." ☐

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Dialoguing out of the valley of the shadow of sin

By Barbara Amiel

It all sounded like a rebuke of one of Jennifer's Dr. Jonathan Miller's *Awful Clergy* person shots from *Beyond the Fringe*. The topic of sexual morality mixes the difficult question of sexual ethics, "and the best of one's Radio News brightly. "Our question today — must morality change with the times?" On hand to help listeners decide this agonizing and juicy question were two members of the United Church's task force on human sexuality. To one biased listener, any group that chose to call itself a "task force" was unlikely to cope with questions of a spiritual nature, but she let that pass. It was easier to let it pass anyway than Rev. Robin Smith's remark, quoted the day before on the front pages of *The Globe and Mail*: "No one it looks like is coping out the United Church has no business telling people whether it's right or wrong to have sex. Before, outside or in-between marriage, presumably, was any of God's creation."

Then, there, were the battle lines as the phantoms began. On the one hand, pious listeners, clutching as it seemed, their Bibles and wondering why their church had forsaken them. On the other, progressive task force members Ronny Bean from the Sex Information and Education Council of Canada and David Halliwell, responsible for sexual education in the United Church. The church had appointed a number of clergymen and, appropriately, some laypersons to reconcile the Word made Flesh with flesh pure and simple. Their conclusion — take it or leave it, as they repeatedly assured listeners, for further deliberation and feedback — was that, well, Everything Goes. Even the chic bast, mandated to be impartial, seemed taken aback. "When it is and it isn't?" he enquired timidly. Ronny Bean had to problem with this one. "But, now it is not given when it is explosive, when it is not sexually re-

sponsible," she added authoritatively. "Sin is a creation."

Biased Listener heaved a small sigh of relief. The church was not getting out of its traditional business of telling right from wrong after all. It was merely redefining sin in a language accessible to Freudian-Marxist-Systems-Analyst-Flow-Chart-Designers. Loving, non-explosive feminism, socially responsible adultery, warm and genuine homosexuality were fine. Inde-



terminer was the thought process that led up to the task force's conclusion. By making freedom the only test she left the most dreadful sexual abominations could be countenanced. And, come to think about it, in the modern church they certainly have less.

The problem was precisely what David Halliwell called "the need to struggle to try and understand [the Bible] in the modern context and put it together with the struggles and dynamics of our society." Until recently the church at least tried to measure contemporary mores against what it regarded as the revealed word of God, not the other way around. The word had been how our fallible human ideas and appetites measured up to a higher moral law. It was when the church started the word and began to render to Caesar not only what was Caesar's but also what was clearly God's that such things as the Concordat with Hitler became a possibility. Or Christianity's gifts of mercy to the African tyrants of SWAPO and the

Patented Priest.

If churches believe that whenever a pressure group or a new school of neo-conservative "centism" appears on the horizon it is the whole moral experience of Judeo-Christianity that has to be adjusted, the point is soon reached when they no longer know whether murder is right or wrong — as it is the 1975 report on "Sexuality for Liberals" adopted by the World Council of Churches, which warned that on aggressive political situations "neutrality does not present itself as an option unless they would withdraw totally from the struggle for justice." Or resolutions, in the WCC naming the United States as a centre of violence while deferring attempts to resolve any Soviet-bloc or other Communist country in its list of villains. When we begin to suspect that every adjustment by "progressive" churches takes them closer to the demands of applied Marxism than, *Beyond the Fringe* skirts aside, the comedy is no longer fun.



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History as simple as one, two, three

THE THIRD WAVE
by Alvin Toffler
(Doubt, \$17.95)

There are people who believe that Jonathan Livingston Seagull is profound. Others smile forcibly. They know that what is really profound is Alvin Toffler, author of *Future Shock* and now *The Third Wave*.

probably for this reason that we can't help marveling. Toffler's prose style is being a mixture between a service by the Reverend Moon and ad copy extolling the virtues of a combination blender and stereo set—all gee-whis and exclamation marks it claps as it plays.

Though Toffler is probably a well-educated man—he's the holder of five

degrees in letters, law and science, albeit honorary—he creates the impression of someone who has never read anything except the daily paper and is not about to start at this rate and successful journey in life. He is as current as a new flash. The examples from which he extrapolates his far-reaching and categorical conclusions about the entire human experience seem to have all appeared on his breakfast table that same morning. The third great epoch of mankind is on our doorstep, Toffler seems to say, because of what is in his paper about the upheavals in Iran and the price of gold. Or the divorce rates. Or cable-TV watchers with electronic credit cards.

Toffler is a master of absolute reduction. In his book he manages to distill every single idea, event or manifestation in history from Buddha to Freud as mere effects of his own underlying theories of causation. The real split in history, he proclaims, is between producers and consumers and not, as some of us may have thought, between capitalists and the conquered, pagans and Christians, capitalists and proletarians, perhaps even the living or the dead. This producer/consumer split was caused by market specialization introduced by the Second Wave industrial society, and will be cured by the emergence of the "producer" in the Third Wave. This new creature will recombine the roles of producer and consumer in a world of staggered hours and at-home work in the "electronic cottage," possibly

ably growing and eating his own tail as well. The great re-union of that which has been cut asunder (consumer and producer) will be the second coming to lend all the contradictions that we today (living mere Second Wave) can takelessly attribute to love/hate-pots, men/women, democrats/totalitarians, Arabs/Jews or the ready availability of Playboy on the newstands.

It isn't necessary to follow Toffler. It is beyond his irritating habit of pronouncing the obvious and trite as his own original discoveries. Toffler does offer some of insight and predictions that may well prove to be correct. As well, Toffler's descriptions of the past is not necessarily inaccurate—what he calls the First Wave has been known to others as the great Neolithic civilization and it did have a profound impact on the Paleolithic cultures that preceded it. But Toffler is a textbook example of what George Orwell called the "itching left" type of sweeping superficialities. It is perhaps not altogether surprising that Toffler has such an appeal to us, age whose very complexity makes people yearn for reduction, even to a board. Especially in our society, so used to pre-packaged, pre-digested easy answers. Here it is—the universe in a capsule time-released to provide 26 hours of symptomatic relief. **Barbara Amsel**

A comedy of colonial manners

A GENTLE OCCUPATION
by Dirk Bogarde
(Corgi, \$10, \$17.95)

Small wars can be forgotten as easily as brief love affairs, and the British occupation of Indonesia in 1945-49 now seems ancient history. The Japanese invaders had been defeated but the nationalists were not yet in control and Britain, soon to retreat from India, Burma and other outposts of its own empire, occupied the Dutch East Indies for a time, besides other years. The insurgents, like the Rimbobese guerrillas of our own time, wanted independence at once and fought bitterly to get it. Among the British soldiers on the islands was Dirk Bogarde, fresh from the European front, and 35 years later he has made this obscure battlefield the scene of his first novel.

"I always hoped," says one of the British officers, "that my particular war would be a gentle occupation. Vanuatu. It never is." Bogarde's characters are not the solitary, tortured introverts we recognize as Bogarde characters from such films as *Death in Venice* and *Desire*. They are direct, ordinary people caught up in an extraordinary time.



Toffler: combination blender/stereo set

Then, there must be a third group, one that tends to view the first two groups with profound suspicion.

If Jonathan Livingston Seagull allows its simplicity to lead to being out in an almost endearing way, well, Alvin Toffler is not that far behind. It is not easier to run up his 300-page study of human history in three sentences: 1. For about 15,000 years we were an agricultural society called the First Wave. 2. Around the late 18th century we changed into an industrial society, called the Second Wave. 3. Around the 1950s we started changing into the society called the Third Wave, and that's the root of all our troubles.

Those of us who view the success of Jonathan Livingston Seagull and Future Shock with skepticism would probably be Second Wave persons in the Tofflerian universe. We are addicted to linear thinking and historicity. It is

Bogarde and his own cover illustration on the title page of a Victorian chronicle



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Mr. Michael Morrison, photographed by G. Collier

A Gentle Occupation is a tale about society, a comedy of manners, and it has the bulk price of a Victorian chronicle. At least a dozen characters coalesce in a map. *Reportage* is adept at interlocking the strands of a long, intricate plot. His subject is not just the gentle occupation of soldiers, but the degraded attempt by the British to establish peace and order in a land as foreign as Sicily.

Some of the characters—an ungainly, dedicated general, an officer afraid to show his love, a completely ugly nurse—border on cliché. But perhaps by 1946 the *Brat Empire* bordered on cliché in these last years of imperial play, the stability of the nations rooted on pure and imagery. In *A Gentle Occupation* the images are not sterile; the troops were capable of acts of kindness and love that their occupation tolerated, even detested, to themselves and the local people. Kindness, courage, generosity the novel extends all virtues.

This is not the work of a novice. With two successful autobiographies behind him, *Reportage* is a master of dialogue and landscape. It's a solid book it might make a fine TV serial. What it lacks, in the end, is the breadth of imagination that would lift it beyond the tediousness of 1945 that *Reportage* so penetratingly evokes, that would give it a deeper, wider resonance. His characters are his desert for great relevance. For all his wit and tact, *A Gentle Occupation* is little more than historical romance.

Mark Abley

Films

A sleek serving of silliness

THE CHANGELING
Directed by Peter Medak

A mid-fashoned ghost story, *The Changeling* takes what is essentially local material and somewhat transforms it. That's quite an accomplishment with lines like "John, you must get out of that house" to fight against. If *The Changeling* is already—and it certainly is—seldom has silliness been served up so sleekly. The

a talent for drumming up atmosphere—the tinkling of a piano in silence, the peevish, inside the heart, notes early in the morning, a music box playing a lullaby through a windowed room, the sound of the dead child's voice grating through a tape made during a séance. The movie works almost to a defective story—what is happening? why?—but once it leaves behind suggestion for exposition it loses its fascination.



Scott, composer with an unusual memory

haunted house that composer John Russell (George C. Scott) moves into following the death of his wife and child has been marvellously concerned by set designer Trevor Williams and is, with all the trappings in the trade by John Douglas. The photography is murky, but especially so—the movie has a jarring, desaturated look, with some soft-focus backgrounds barely discernible behind the field of action. "It doesn't want people," warns an old crane, and you can almost feel it in your bones.

What you cannot feel is any driving need to follow the movie in its conclusion, it plays its trump card about halfway through. The director, Peter Medak (*The Evening Class*), has a serious, effective style for this kind of Gothic material. You become increasingly aware of the camera as a character—the medium agent of a child who moves creepily, knowingly, through the house following Scott like his shadow. And there's no denying that Medak has



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MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *Sherry's People*, Le Carré (C)
- 2 *The Bourne Identity*, Le Carré (B)
- 3 *The Dead's Alternative*, Forsyth (C)
- 4 *Like Bed and Breakfast*, Almond (M)
- 5 *Princess Daisy*, Kresla (S)
- 6 *A Night Horseable Lady*, LaMarche (S)
- 7 *Spent Weather*, Houston (B)
- 8 *The Wedding Heart*, French (M)
- 9 *The Emperor's Virgin*, Fraser
- 10 *The Last Enlightenment*, Silver

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Brethren*, Woodward/Armstrong (S)
- 2 *Donahue, My Own Story*, Donahue & Co. (B)
- 3 *Blue-Faced Boobies*, Foster (M)
- 4 *And No Birds Sing*, Moore (C)
- 5 *Preparing Your Own Income Tax Returns*, Leckie (S)
- 6 *One Clear Day You Can See General Motors*, Wright (S)
- 7 *Five to Choose*, Milton/Prinstein (S)
- 8 *Dead Men's Cops Book*, Bonwick
- 9 *The Third Wave*, Toller
- 10 *The Night Shift*, Wolfe

1. *Maclean's* best seller

God save us from our gracious Queen

By Alan Fotheringham

My fading life, you see, is filled with a recurring nightmare. It is bad enough, those horrors in one's past—Mauri Re-Armament, Eliza Prusky, Maflord Sorghis, puberty, Ronald Reagan at Saturday matinees, Trudeau's first starts, Sex-Ed classes, what is really depressing is the contemplation of what one perceives on the horizon of one's future. What fills my plaintive little space with chills is the prospect, as demonstrated once again last week, of plowing through future generations about yet another clueless member of the anointed British royalty engaged in ribbon and sowing same-rider schoolgirls and dispensing 1988 willfulness in contempt, adorning Canadianism, neither an Olympic boycott, Nelson Bunker Hunt, nor the prospect of Terry Snyder as President. For being regarded as serious thinkers depresses me so much I have many objections to Canadians as a breed, but acting as obsequious sycophants to isolated toads who yammer a long ocean is probably the least attractive of their traits.

If you must know, I am bored. The surfeit of the Royals, despense for make-work projects so as to justify their teen-age showboats, drives the into eyeball-rolling paroxysms of avast! What newspaper that could be usefully taken up by accounts of traffic accidents is consumed by slandering details of yet another clean-jawed prince, displaying close-fist repulse of Prince Philip's such we, dandling factory maids, who know no better. Really, in 1980, do we need this state tell-tale?

The reason this pined upon my forehead is that we just have had—dare I say to Queen, never a smother spell of Prince Charles, the thoroughly pitiful young man consumed to a wretched life of saying nice things to people he doesn't really know and undoubtedly would not like. He has—before departing—John Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

ing as a private jet for a "private" visit to Florida which will include a polo tournament, well-known patronage of the province, best done this side, breed school in Ottawa and British Columbia, the restrained functions of the Royals in the colonies, dispensing beads and placards upon the masses.

Now constant readers of this space will know that I have no dispute with the philosophical concept of the monarchy it serves, granted, a useful purpose



to state a better one step above saving us from the Nikes and the jumped-up politicians who may be more honest but are equally arrogant. All I ask is that we provide, as a supposedly independent country, our own card-carrying monarch. Ians Campagnale, Lily Schreyer, Bernard Gaffney, whatever.

Myth is a precious commodity, to be treated tenderly. There was a time when a royal visit, like 1880, was a national trauma. These were gods. We all palpitated on the curb of Moose Jaw and treasured the photos for grandchildren forever after. Today? The problem, sorry to mention, is that now the Royals breed too much. Both is the product of their time, such is the shrinking of the Empire, that the poor kids have time to kill, and Canada—jump-fused Canada—is bored to the girls with the progeny who have good manners, no sins and nothing to do.

When the Good Queen Beate Mark II dropped in on us in 1978, the year after



the 50th anniversary of her ascension to the Crown, it was her third visit in three years. Fair enough. There was appropriate afternoon and evening—mostly in the up-scale age bracket. Since then? Sorry, but it's become the bleat. Mark Phillips, that horsey salesman for British Leyland, dropped in twice that year. After Princess Andy and Eddy, dandled the pubescent set, Prince Philip himself was back in Winnipeg later in the year to complain that politicians didn't have

"a significantly higher integrity rating than their non-Friends." Nice to hear from a democrat.

In 1979 Prince Charles flew to the first of his visits to the Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific, outside Victoria. Later in the year the Queen Mother spent a week visiting eyes. Three months later Prince Philip does a tour. A month later Princess Anne, with her miffable charm, did Ontario. Now, we're just had, once again, poor Prince Charles, the 31-year-old heartthrob who, in an interview with highly competent reporter Mary Traynor, was protected by Private Secretary Sir Edward Adams, who asked that part of his replies be struck from the record, and Canadian Press Secretary Vic Chapman, who set short a question that was not deemed appropriate. The natives, you see, must bow and tuck.

What is so intriguing here is the battle of wits—and bluff. The Royals, ranging out of continents, have desperate need of make-work projects to justify their existence. John Deffenbacher complained in 1978 that the Trudeau government had stalled for a year a University of Western Ontario request to give Prince Charles an honorary degree. In reply, writing Prime Minister Jean Chretien reported that the Queen had visited Canada more under Trudeau than under Deffenbacher.

Of course, Trudeau, the sly repackiser, knows there is more than one way to skin a cat. Fortunately heeds contempt. Nothing exceeds like excess.



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A Tom Sawyer Saturday-

In the best tradition of Saturdays you invite some friends around for a casual get together. And in the best tradition of literary imagination you bring out the paint and paint brushes and turn a lazy afternoon into a Tom Sawyer Saturday. Everyone hops to it. The apartment gets painted. Then out comes a Bullfrog. It's 1½ ounces of Smirnoff, the vodka that leaves you breathless, poured into a tall glass with ice and filled with limeade. And you all agree - Mr. Sawyer never had it so good.

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